THE Heroycall Epistles of the learned Poet Publius Ouidius Naso, *In Englishe Verse*: set out and translated by George Turberuile Gent. with Aulus Sabinus answeres to certaine of the same.

¶ *IMPRINTED at London, by Henrie Denham.*

To the Right Honorable and his Singular good Lord, Lorde *Thomas Howvarde Vicount Byndon. &c.*

George Turberuile wisheth Nestors yeares, increase *of Honor, with pre-* seruation of desired health.

RIGHT NOble, indebted to your Honor for a number of vndeserued friendships, and vnable altogither to requite the least of a thousande courtesies: sought the meanes howe to acquite mee of some parte thereof. But waying myne owne defaulte,

and considering your Honors merits, wox almost in vtter dispaire: vntill at length it repayrde to my thought, that it was no greater token of Honor, liberallye to bestowe vpon other great rewardes, than a proofe of Nobilitie gratefullye to accept at others hands slender gifts according to their habilitie that offred the same. Artaxerxes *his good acceptaunce of a handefull of running water, bred me to this boldenesse to offer your Honor a handfull of written Papers: hoping that as he thought no disdaine of the one, so*

you

you will not take scorne of the other. Let me craue this one thing at your Honors handes, that the baseneſſe of this my translation of the learned Poet Ouid, *procure not you to refuſe the Patronage and defence of my ſlender Muſe. Which as I know vndoubtedly ſhall neuer coũteruayle your curteſies: So doe I aſſuredlye hope may be a proofe of my good will & not forgottẽ dutie. The very name,* Heroy call (*for ſo are the Epiſtles termed*) *deſerued an Honorable & Heroycall Perſonage to be their garde. Which*

if you Honor refuſe not (as I know you wyll not refuſe) waying the giuers intent, and ſeing (that theſe are the firſt fruites of his traueyle) you ſhall not onely purchaſe immortall praiſe of others: but I be encouraged and animated to greater and grauer attemptes: which I ſhall no ſooner atchieue, but you ſhall be a witneſſe of my endeuours, and a rãpier to my exploytes. Thus hauing boldly importuned your aſſiſtance, and tediouſlye moleſted your eares with circumſtances, leauing now at length to abuſe your friendly paci-

ence,

ence, I ende: wishing to your Honor increase of Nobilitie, with a moste happie lyfe: and after the catastrophe of this worldlye Comedie, (wherein you play a statelye parte) the gladsome ioyes of the euerlasting Seignorie.

Your humble Orator
G. Turberuile.

The Tranſlator to his *Muſe*

GO (ſlender Muſe) and make report to men
That meere deſire to pleaſure them in deede
Made me in hande to take the painefull pen;
Which if I may, I haue my hoped meede.
I neyther gape for gaine nor greedie fee,
My Muſe and I haue done, if men in gree
will take this trifling toye.

LEARNED, COVRteous, and Gentle Reader, I had long ere this time bid thee to a ſlender banquet: Had it not beene that other by their good vvilles had preuented my gentle offer and good meaning therein. But I ſavve ſo many rich and ſtately bourdes couered, ſo many curious carpets laid, ſuch dayntie delicates deuiſde, ſuch courtly cates & confects daily brought in, as loth I vvas vpon ſuch iunkets and fine fare to procure thee to a rude rere ſupper. But conſidering that mine habilitye is not to make anye better or more ſumptuous: and vvaying that of dutie and good vvill I ought to manifeſt my vvell meaning vvith the reaſt: I haue here at length byd thee (I ſay) to a baſe banquet, to sharpen thy ſtomacke,

macke, and procure thy appetite to finer fare. Hoping that thou wilt not ſcorne or lothe any dishe that shall be ſet before thee. If it be ſo that thou miſlike any thing, impute the blame to the Cooke. For doubtleſſe the Cates of themſelues in their kind, are paſſing curious, but for want of cunning in dreſſing the ſame, may appere nothing delectable to the eye, nor toothſome to the taſte. The feaſt was deuiſed long agone by *Ouid at Rome*, and paſſing well liked in learned *Italie*: no leſſe for diuerſitie of dishes, than copie of confectes. May be that if thou shewe thy ſelfe friendlye in well accepting this prouiſion, thou shalt be inuited to a better banquet in time at my handes, who as ſoone as occaſion vvill ſerue, will gyue thee to vnderſtande of my

good

good will. Meane while play a friendfull gueſtes part, and miſlike not anye thing that ſhall be ſerued thee, without iuſt cauſe. Chalenge not vnto thee an ouercurious mouth & taſte. Thus loth any longer to withhold thee from thy vitayles, I wish thee to feede and farewell.

George Turberuile.

¶ The Argūment of the *first Epistle, entituled Penelope to Vlysses.*

THe angry Greekes for Helens rape preparde
To Troie: when wise Vlysses marryed late
A furie fainde, in hope to haue bene sparde:
But Palamede lothing to lose a mate,
So needefull as Vlysses was, bewrayde
The fraude of him that gladly would haue stayde.

Away he goes. When ten yeares warre was spent,
And flaunting Troie trodden to the ground:
With other Greekes to shippe Vlysses went,
But Pallas then the wrathfull Goddesse frownd
And made the Grecians full greedie of their home,
Full ten yeres space on surging Seas to rome.

Which absence long Penelope agreeude,
That little space hir husband had enioyde
(Forsaken wight) she verily beleeude
Some other Lasse Vlysses had acoyde.
And this procurde the louing wife to wright,
That she his cause of absence learne might.

The first Epistle.

Penelope to Vlysses.

TO thée that lingrest all to long,
thy wife (Vlysses) sendes:
Gayne write not but by quicke returne
for absence make amendes.
To Gréekish Nymphes that hatefull Troie,
is now to ruine brought:
Scarce mought the King and all his welth
requite the wrong they wrought.
O that the surging Seas had drencht
that lustfull Lecher tho:
When he to Lacedemon came
imbarckt, and wrought our wo.
Then should I not haue layde my limmes
in desert couch alone:
Ne made complaint that Phœbus steades
to slow to glade had gone.
Then shoulde no Beldames distaffe made,
my widowish hande to faint:
Whilst I to waste the wearie night,
with spinning was attaint.
When stode I not in warser awe
in déede than was befell:
Aye loue is passing full of feare,
though euery thing be well.

Yée

Mée thought I saw a swarming troupe
of Troians thée about:
No soner Hectors name I heard,
but Hector made me dout.
I brute had blazde Amphimacus
of Hector to béene slaine:
Amphimachus by such repozt
pzocurde my dzead againe.
Oz when Menetius sonne was sayde
in sozged armes to die:
I sozrowed that the Troians did
Patroclus craft espie.
When Tlepolemus lost by sozce
of Lycian launce his life:
By Tlepolemus death were made
my slacked sozrowes rife.
In fine what so they were of Greece,
that dyde amid their foes,
I feare within my bzeast mozе colde
than Mountaine yse arose.
But righteous God that Hymen hight,
and true loue hath in care:
Hath kept Vlysses ftée from scath,
and Troians caught in snare.
The Grækish Chiefstaines are returnde,
the sacred Altars flame:
Of barbarous spoyle the Gods haue part,
that well deserude the same.

The

The Patrones for their saued Færes
most gratefull giftes prepare:
And they, how Troie by their toyle
atchieued was, declare.
The sage with siluer haires doe muse,
and dayntie Damsels cake:
The wiues about their husbandes hang
when they begin to speake.
And lo, when Tables once are laide,
one gimneth straight to showe,
The wreakefull warre, and drawes with wine
the Troian Tents arowe.
Here Simois (sayth he) did flowe,
here is Segeian lande:
And here the aged Priams Hawle
and Princely house did stande.
There fierce Achylles pight his Tentes,
there wise Vlysses lay:
Here Hector rent in dolefull wise,
the horses did affray.
Thus auncient Nestor made report,
who tolde thy sonne the same:
And he (as was his part to doe)
declarde it to his Dame.
How Rhesus thou didst make to rue,
and Dolon yelde to death:
Th'one sleeping, th'other by thy guile
did lose his vitall breath.

And

And didst thou dare (thou retchlesse man
and ouerbolded wight)
To Thracian Tents to shape thy course
in vgly shade of night?
And onely by the ayde of one,
so many men to slaye
That wonted were to be so ware
and minde thy wedlocke aye?
With quaking feare my heart was colde,
and visage passing pale:
When thou didst passe along the Host,
and Thracian horses stale:
But what to me (vnhappy Feme)
auayles the Troian wracke:
And walles which you by breach haue brought
to vtter spoyle and sacke.
If I in Widowes state remaine,
as I to fore haue donne:
And must for aye Vlysses lacke,
as when the broyle begonne?
To me that Troie sole doth stande
though Souldiers had the spoyle:
And they that *Victors* were with plough
for lucre turne the soyle.
Where stately buildings were to see,
and Troian towne did stande:
There spreuteth corne with Phrygian bloud,
so fatted is the lande.

Halfe

Halfe buryed bones of worldlike wights
the crooked Culters teare:
Both grasse and graine with hearbes doe growe,
where hawtie houses were.
Thou *Victor* euer art alack,
ne once wilt make me showe
By louing lines, or message meanes
what cause of stay doth growe.
No straunger stumbles on our stronde,
or brings his Barck to bay,
But I enquire him of thy health
or ere he passe away.
And so his fortune fauour, that
on thée he chaunce to light,
I praye him yelde those louing lines
which I to thée indight.
I sent to Pylos to enquire,
(where aged Nèstor dwelt)
No certaine rumor of a truth
from Pylos haue I felt.
From thence I sparde not for expence
to Sparta mée to hie:
But Sparta cannot make account,
where thou doe liue or die.
Woze better tiwere for me (in fayth)
if that Troy stode againe,
(But I vnconstant wight am wroth
with these my wishes vaine.)

Then shoulde I certaine be and sure
where thou didst leade thy life:
Then onely should I dreade the warres,
and stormes of stirred strife.
Then should my drearie dolefull plaint
conioyned be with mo:
That in the absence of their makes
shoulde take some taste of wo.
I fraughted am with feare, but what
I dreade I know not well:
My cares encrease, the way is wide
that leades me to this hell.
No perill on the tossing Sea,
or on the lande is séene,
But I surmise that they forthwith
thy cause of stay hath béene.
Whilst fondly thus amazde I stande,
(such is thy pleasures plight)
Thou mayst bestow thy loue a fresh
vpon some other wight.
To whome thou makste a shew perhaps,
how homely is thy wife:
And how at Distaffe she delights
to leade a Rusticks life.
But (Gods) O let me be beguilde,
let whisking windes transport
Such thoughts, & thou that mayst retyre,
dislodge not in such sort.

Icarius my grutching Syre
  woulde force me breake my Yeast,
And blaming this thy slacke returne,
  woulde make newe mariage feast.
But as I am, I will be thine,
  let rancor fede his fill,
Penelope will be the wife
  of hir Vlysses still.
Yet naytheless my endlesse sute
  at length hath moude my Syre:
Who rules his rage with reasons brake,
  and Maisters wrathfull yre.
From Ilandes rounde about doe flock
  of suters many one:
Zacinthus, Samus, with the reast,
  by sute encrease my mone.
Those roysting ruffelers beare the sway
  within thy Pallace gate:
With ratching clawes they waste thy wealth,
  and seeke t'impaire thy state.
Pyzander, Medon, Polybus,
  Eurimachus yfere:
With Antinous t'is no neede,
  for to recite as here.
What shoulde I these, with others name,
  who seeke to spende thy good,
Which thou by manly Marte hast got.
  in daunger of thy blood:

The raskall eke doth rule the rost,
Melanthius, and Ire,
(Which soundes to thy dishonor most)
togither doe conspire.
We are by tale but three, God wote,
thy weake and wretched wife:
Telemachus thy little sonne,
Laërtes lothing life.
Thy sonne not long ago was like
by crakt to bene consumde:
Whilst he, to passe against their willes
to Pylos had presumde:
But Gods I grate this onely bone,
that he by course of kinde,
His fathers eies and mine may close,
and liue himselfe behinde.
This is the crooked Nurces worke
and clownishe cowardes care:
And he that daily serues the swine,
A like is wont to fare.
Laërtes ouerlode with yeares,
vnable to the warre,
Amidde these states can strike no stroke
when they begin to iarre.
Thy Sonne (so Gods doe lende him life)
to mans estate will growe:
But thou in these his childish yeares,
shouldst garde him from the foe.

I Wiser wight am not of force
to banishe them the place:
Wherefore, see thou who art our ayde,
that thou returne apace.
Thou hast (long mayest thou haue) a Sonne,
that in his tender age,
Shoulde follow on his fathers steps,
and life to worship gage.
Lins not aye retchlesse of thy Syre,
whose etes thou oughtes to shut,
His dying date drawes on apace,
the twine of life is cut:
And I that at thy parture was,
a Gyrle to beholde:
Of truth am wart a Matrone now,
thy selfe will iudge me olde.

The Argument of the *Second Epistle, entituled*

Phyllis to Demophoon.

DEmophoon *minding after Troian broyle*
To long desired Countrie to retowre:
For all his force, for all his painefull toyle,
Was brought to Thrace *by meane of stormie showre,*
Where Phyllis *raignde who likte hir gueſt so well,*
As firſt to boorde, and then to bed they fell.

Within a while Demophoon *gan to faine*
And forge excuſe to Athens *to repaire,*
With gaged fayth to ſhape returne againe
Within one Month, and bid hir not diſpaire:
But when the fixed time was gone and paſt,
Thus Phyllis *wrote vnto hir gueſt at laſt.*

The seconde Epistle.

Phillis to Demophoon.

THat thine Hostesse, Phyllis was,
a Rhodopeian Mayde:
Wisyke that thou my guest, beyonde
thy fixed time hast stayde.
Thy plighted promise was with shippe
Here to arryude agayne
Before or neere about the time
The waxen Mone shoulde waine.
But Phœbe fourthly hath repayrde
hir wasted hornes a newe:
Yet may I not on Thracian coast
take once of thée a vewe.
Though thou account the fléeting time,
(which louers note by trade)
Thou shalt not finde that Phyllis hath
to some hir plaint ymade.
And long ynough I fedde on hope,
for such is louers guise,
We hardly credit hurtfull happes
till damage dos arise.
I haue oft flattred with my selfe,
and thought the Southerne winde
Had stuft thy sailes, and brought thy Barck,
which yet I cannot finde.

I haue a curſed Theſeus oft,
That was thy cauſe of ſtaye:
And yet may be that he at all
bredde not his long delaye.
Another whyle I ſtode in awe,
leaſt thou to Hæbrus Lake
Directing courſe, in middle Seas
by wracke thy bane hadſt take.
Full often haue I for thy health
in milde and humble wiſe,
With Incence made requeſt to Gods,
that lodge in loftie Skies,
And ſundry times when Æole had
his broyling Imps incloſde:
That if thou were aliue thou wouldſt
haue commen I ſuppoſde.
Thus loyall loue (what ſo might brede
and be a cauſe of ſtay:
To ſuch as trauaile) did deuiſe,
excuſing thy delay.
But thou not forcing on thy fayth,
ne counting of thy Heſt,
Not dreading Gods to witneſſe callde,
doſt minde thy Phyllis leſt.
Demophoon to the windes ingagde
his promiſe with his ſatle:
I ſorrow that the ones returne,
and th'others fayth doth fayle.

Denounce

Denounce to me what I haue done,
but lowde thée all to well:
By mine offence I haue deserude
that thou with me shouldst dwell.
In mée one haynous fault is found
that harbourde such a guest:
But this my guile hath force of bone,
and merit there doth rest.
Where now thy solempne sacred othes,
thy plighted troth with bande:
And Gods appealde as true recordes
to wytnesse of thy hande:
Where is that holy Hymen nowe,
that vs as chosen Féeres
By fréé assent conioyne in one
yfeare to wasse our yéeres:
First swornst thou by that gastly Goulfe,
where winde and waue doe roze:
By whome thou were in poynt to passe,
as oft thou hadst before.
Then Neptune was to witnesse callde,
thy Graund and worthie Syze,
(Unlesse thou faine) who quailes the Surge
and swelling waters yze.
Then Venus, with hir winged wight,
(that bredde me all this téene)
Was commonde, whose reuenger tooles
are bowe and arrowes kéene.

Dame

Dame Iuno, that hath ſpouſall charge
and wedlock, ſhewde hir face:
And Ceres with hir ſolempne rytes,
was cyted to the place.
If eche of theſe forenamed powres
and witneſſe thus in vaine,
Shoulde ſeeke on thée to wreake their wrath,
couldſt thou endure the payne?
My ſelfe (leaſt thou ſhouldſt want at néede
a Barck to leaue my lande)
Infonded, did repayre the ſhips
that ragged lay on ſande.
I trimde vp all thy broken Dares,
whereby thou mightſt depart:
And thus my ſelfe haue forgde the toles,
that thyrled haue my hart.
Thy many ſmoth and filed wordes
did purchaſe credites place:
I did beléeue thy ſtocke, thy Gods
ſtode all in Phyllis grace.
I thought thy teares had béene of troth:
can they be forged to?
Thy teares which at commaundement are
from flattering face to flo.
Thy Gods did make me iudge the beſt,
Theſe pledges were in vaine:
God wote one parcell of them mought
a ſtely Mayden traine.

That

That I supported thee at neede
it moues mee naught at all:
So that thy harbour all had beene,
the matter had beene small.
But shameleſſe and with blinde forecaſt,
from bourde to bed did goe:
And there to paſſe in Venus toyes
doth agrauate my woe.
O that the laſt forepaſſed night
before that curſed tyde,
Had beene my laſt: then Phyllis might
with ſpotleſſe fayth haue dyde.
I hoped better, by deſerte
who had thy friendſhip wonne:
The hope which meede and right procures,
they ſay is well begonne.
The glory is not great by guyle
to circumuent a Mayde:
You rather ſhoulde my ſimpleneſſe
with friendly fauour payde.
A woman, and a louing wight
thy forged fraude hath made
To be intrapt: God graunt thy prayſe
by Phyllis ſpoyle to vade.
Among th'Athenion noble wights
thy ſeate ſhall be aſſignde:
Thy Syre amid his ſpoyles ſhall ſtande,
and thou his ſonne behinde.

When shamefull Syron shall be read
and fell Procustes death,
And Scynis with the Minotaure,
whome Theseus reft his breath:
When Creon conquerde shall appeare.
and Centaures there be seene:
And be recorded that thy Syre,
as Plutos Court hath beene:
Beneath thy fathers manly factes
shall stande this stately style:
(Lo this is that vnfaythfull guest,
who Phyllis did beguyle.
Of all thy fathers noble actes,
and worthie feates of fame:
Thou onely doest resemble one,
which he accoumpts a shame:
For he king Minos daughter reft,
and hir forewent at last:
And thou (as heire of all his guile)
doest frame a iugling cast.
But she hath made a wise exchaunge,
(I spite not) for the best:
Upon hir Tigres bridled braue,
shée rydes at quiet rest.
But now such suters as in Thrace.
of me were scornde before,
Despise to be espouse to hir
Who loues a straunger more,

Than

Than such as were my countrey men,
to Athens let hir goe,
(Say they) to weare the Thracian crowne
we want not one I trowe.
The ende is it that tryes the fact,
God sende him sorie haps,
That alway thinks it best to iudge
the cause by after claps.
But so my Countrey waues were cutte,
and sundred with the keale,
Then might I vaunt my loue imployde,
to tende to publike weale.
But slender was the loue I bare
to this my natiue soyle:
My Pallace moues thée not a mite,
ne Bystons pleasant goyle.
The countnaunce and the lesture both,
are yet imprinted fast
Within my breast, that thou didst vse,
when Phyllis sawe thée last.
And didst thou dare with clasping armes,
imbrace hir carcasse so?
And touch hir chirrie lippe with thine,
a thousande times and mo?
And to confounde thy brackish teares,
with Phillis salted brine?
And that the weather serude so well,
a fault with Æole fine?

And

And when thou tookst thy last farewell,
adue how darste thou say?
Demophoon will retire againe,
that (Phyllis) is no nay.
Shall I expect his gainecome that
hath minde on nothing lesse?
Or gape for sayles that shunne the port
where was their chiefe redresse?
And yet I can but long to see
thy comming, though be long:
Though fired daye be past, reuert
and quite some parte of wrong.
But what doe I vnhappie wishe?
another daintie Dame
Both thee, and all thy loue hath wonne
to thy reprochfull shame.
I thinke that Phyllis is forgot,
that vide hir guest so well:
Fie, fie, of Phyllis make not straunge,
ne aske the place I dwell.
I am that Phyllis (would thou wist)
who harbourde thée at nede:
And gaue thée porte that long on Seas
hadst wandred all in drede.
Whose goods inricht thy poore estate,
and hauing welth at will,
Did succour thee, and woulde haue done
if thou hadst taried still.

Euen

Euen she that made thée Lorde and Prince
of all Lycurgus lande:
And yéelded thée a scepter farre
vnfit for womans hande.
As farre as chillie Rhodope
to bushie Hæmus goes:
And sacred Hæbrus with his streames,
and weltring waters floes.
Euen shée that gaue thée leaue to pluck
hir Maydenhead beshroude:
And with thy craftie hand to let
hir honest belt abroade.
At that sinester time was preest
Tisiphone in place:
And eke the Owle with dolefull shriche,
and monstrous vgly face.
Not farre from thence with snakie bushe,
the fell Alecto lay:
Who with hir gastly glowing eyes,
the presence did affray.
Yet naytheless to ragged rockes,
and shore I vse to hie:
And all about to kenne the coast
I cast my gazing eye.
When starres in rowling skies doe raunge,
or Phœbus yélde his light,
I go to sée where Æols windes
with Neptunes waues doe fight.

And whatsoeuer shippe I vewe
come cutting on the Se
To Thracia warde: I iudge it straight
our native Gods to be.
Then like a Bedlam wight to waues
and drenching seas I ronne:
As farre as swelling waters flowe,
when ebbing tide is donne.
But how much more the Barck ariues,
and nérer is to lande:
The more amazde, and from my wittes
estraunged doe I stande.
Then gin my senses all to fayle,
my liuely parts to faint:
And (were not for my Maydes) I shoulde
with sowning be attaint.
A créke there standes, that is by kinde,
not farre vnlike a bowe:
Whose picked points with ruthlesse rock,
and hardened stone doth growe.
I was resolude with stayed minde,
and vnapalled hart,
From thence to cast my corps adowne,
and will if thou depart.
Then restlesse flood, and fléeting waues,
my carcasse will applye
To shore, and thou thine Hostesse shalt
vnterred sée with eye.

Though Adamant thy rigour then
and ſtubborne ſtéele excéde,
Yet wilt thou ſay, fie Phyllis, fie,
this purſute had no néede.
Sometime my fanſie ſerues me well
with venoms drench to die:
And ſtreight with ſworde to haſte my death,
I am at point to trie.
Then with a ſtring to ſtop my breath,
I thinke it paſſing fit:
And with a ruthleſſe hande, a corde
about my throte to knit.
For certaine fully bent I am,
with ſpéedie leauing life,
To recompence my ſpotted fame,
in choyſe ſhall be no ſtryfe.
And thou that didſt procure my bane,
for thy deſert ſhalt haue
This Verſe, or ſome ſuch other like
inſculped on my graue.

Demophoon that guilefull gueſt,
made *Phyllis* ſtoppe hir breath:
His was the cauſe and hirs the hande
that brought hir to the death.

The Argument of the *thirde Epistle, entituled* Briseis to Achylles.

THe Greekes ariude at Phrygia, fell to sacke
The neighbour townes to aged Priams walles:
When fierce Achylles brought to waylefull wracke
Cilicias both, and tooke two virgins thralles.
Th'one Chrysis hight, a passing goodly Dame,
And Briseis th'other not much vnlyke the same.

Chrysis Atrides chose to sporte withall,
Achylles Briseis had for like intent,
But when at last the Prince forewent his thrall,
He Briseis reft, whom earst Achylles hent:
Which done, he left his Launce, he fled the fielde,
And woulde no more his wonted weapons wielde.

The Chieftaine saw at length Achylles lacke,
And former fight in fielde wich furious fo,
To stint the strife, he sent him Briseis backe,
But he refusde to take the Ladie tho:
Which when the Virgin sawe, this following verse
Faire Briseis sent his brasen breast to pierce.

The thirde Epistle.

Briseis to Achylles.

THe dolefull lines you reade
from captiue Briseis came:
Whose Troian fist can scarcely yet
with Grékish figures frame.
My flushing teares did cause
the blots and blurres you sée:
Yet in these drérie drops I know
the weight of words to bée.
If lawfull be to plaine
of thée my Lorde and Fére:
Of thée my Fére and Lorde the plaint
thy selfe shall quickly here.
I déeme it not thy guilt,
that I fro thée was sent:
Yet in some part for yélding me
so sone thou mayest be shent.
No soner Eurybate
with Talthybius came:
But I was yélded to their hands
my iourney forth to frame.
And they with glaumsing eyes
ytossed to and fro,
In secret silence did consult
my fansies plight to know.

I might haue ſtayde a whyle,
deferring of my woe
Had earned thankes, I did not kille
my Lorde Achylles tho.
But teares beraynde my chéekes,
I retchleſſe rent mine heare:
And leaſt I had béene rapt againe,
I ſtoode in gaſtly feare.
Oft minded I by breach,
and ſcape to haue returnde:
But ſcoutes and warders lay in wayte,
that me my purpoſe woonde.
To iſſue out by night
of foes I ſtoode in dread:
Though if I had béene caught, I ſhould
to Troian Dames béene led.
But yéelded vp, I haue
bene many nights alack:
Not reſcude by thy haughty powre,
thy malice is to ſlack.
Patroclus did enquire,
(when I from thée did go:)
What bred my doole, ſince quick retyre,
ſhoulde ſoone abridge my woe:
Thou doeſt not onely ceaſe
to ſue for me againe:
But aye procurſte the moſt thou mayſt,
the Captaine ſhoulde detaine

Thy Briſeis from thy clummes:
go nowe I ſaye and boaſt
(Thou hote and earneſt louer) of
thy loue in euery coaſt.
To the Amyntors ſonne,
and Aiax came yfeare:
Thy felowe Phænis, Aiax was
by bloud to Achyl neare.
Vlyſſes was the thirde,
which ſhoulde haue brought me back:
Of ientle wordes and guerdons great,
thou ſhouldſt haue founde no lack.
Atrides Tables ſent
twiſe ten of glowyng Braſſe:
So finely wrought as to beholde
their matches rare it was.
Seauen ſtoles of ſemblant Arte
and weyght, with Talentes fiue
Of Golde, a doſen ſtately ſtéedes,
to gallop paſſing bliue.
And (more than néeded tw,
or that Achylles lackt)
A troupe of daintie tulles that came
from Cities lately ſackt.
With them a prætie peate,
(of Agamemnons thrée
Faire daughters, but thou néeded none)
thy louing wife to bée.

Of like the ſumme is ſmall
Achylles woulde beſtowe
Upon my raunſome, if he ſcorne,
the things he ſhoulde forgoe:
That hauing proffer made
of mée with heaped gaine,
Refuſeth me and all the wealth,
and barres me by and maine.
Aye me, by what deſerte
hath Briſeis loſt thy loue?
Achylles, why ſo ſone from hir
ſhouldſt thou thy hart remoue?
Doth cankred fortune ſtyll
perſiſt in yrefull rage
To myſer wights? will neuer calme
theſe hurling broyles aſſwage?
I by thy manly Mart
ſawe Lyrnes brought to ſack:
And I in Lyrnes had a ſhare,
which nowe is gone to wrack.
I ſawe with rufull eye,
of mine allyance thrée,
(Of thrée my mother deare was one)
their liked liues to flée.
I ſaw my huſbande eke
on bloudie ſoile, with gore
Beſprent, with wide and gaping woundes
in vgly wiſe to rore.

For

For all these hurts endurde
on thée I made my choyse:
That thou my Lorde and Louer art,
and brother I reioyce.
Thou swoorste by Tethis tho,
that I shoulde scape annoy:
And that my bondage should not brède
my domage but my ioy.
Euen to this fine it tendes
that I with all this dowre,
Shoulde of Acylles be refusde
for Agamemnons powre.
Morecuer brute hath blazde
that when the morning light
Hath clearde the pole, that thou on seas
with ship wilt take thy flight.
Which fell report no sooner came vnto mine eare,
But I by sodaine chaunge of hue
declarde my chaunge of cheare.
And wylt thou thus depart?
to whome wilt thou me leaue?
Who wyll relieue my vile estate,
or succourlesse receaue?
Let gastly gapyng gulfe
and quakyng earth deuoure:
Or let me feele of Volcanes boltes
the stroke, and scathfull scoure.

Let flaſhing flame of fire
and lightning Briſeis burne,
And ſo by ſodaine clappe hir corps
to parched cynders turne:
Ere ſhe from Pthia ſée
hir Lorde Achylles wende
Imbarkt, and leaue his thrall behinde,
which myghtie Ioue forfende.
If my returne may lyke,
or countrye Gods thée pleaſe:
My burden ſhall not brède the Barcke:
or thée ſuch great diſeaſe.
The Victor as a thrall,
(not as a ſpouſe hir make)
I will attend: my hande to ſpinne
and carde ſhall vndertake.
In all the Achaian ſoyle,
to wife the braueſt Dame
Receiud, let hir with Achil lodge
Cupidos feates to frame.
A worthie daughter lawe
for Pelius Æacus ſonne.
To whom, olde Nereus to become
a Seignour would not ſhonne.
The while, I ſielie wench
prompt to obey thy heſt,
Will doe my taſke at turne and Cardes,
or Diſtaffe with the reſt.

So

So that I craue hir nought,
but onely that thy wife,
(Which woulde torment my heart full sore)
will cease from grutching strife.
Ne banishe me mine ease,
ne suffer hir to teare
In spitefull wise, my golden lockes,
and rent my crisped heare,
In silence to thy selfe
say: this was once my loue,
As th'other is my wedded spouse,
whose rigour I reproue.
I force not what I bide,
so I with thée may stay:
But Briseis hath a doubtfull dréede,
that puts good hope away.
What dost thou more expect?
Atrides wrath is gone:
And Gréece, in dolefull wise, before
thy féete doth make hir mone.
Represse thy raging yre,
that dost the rest subdue:
Now cruell Hector makes the Gréekes
their restlesse rage to rue.
Achylles take thy loue
and Briseis once agayne:
And then with luckie Mars, thy fill
with Troian bloud distayne.

Let

Let hir that was the cauſe
of wrath, appeaſe thine yre:
Let hir that forſt thy griefe, be cauſe
that thou to ioy aſpire.
Ne doe thou thinke diſdaine
to graunt me my requeſt:
Since Meleager yéelded him
to Cleopatras heſt.
I ſpeake it by report,
thou knoweſt the matter well:
How Althea ſought to ſpoyle hir ſonne,
(O Achyll) thou canſt tell.
Who was a valiant wight,
and noble for his part:
And yet he did renounce his armes,
and from his Countrie ſtart.
Whome onely milde requeſt
of Cleopatra bowde:
But Briſeis words are of no weight,
hir ſute is not alowde.
Whereof I ne diſdaine,
who may not iuſtly craue
The title of a ſpouſe, but am
a vile and bounden ſlaue.
For ſundrie tymes when thou
were bent to Venus playe,
Then wouldſt thou bid vnto thy bedde
thy ſeruant come hir waye.

Among thy captiues one
a Madams name me gaue,
Those are vnfitting termes (quoth I)
not greéing to a slaue.
By my good husbandes bones
layde in vntimely pit,
Which bones I minde to honor aye
till liuely twine vnknit)
And by my brothers ghosts
which did resist till death,
And in defence of natiue Gods
to lauish were of breath:
By both our heades which we
haue often led yfeare:
And by thy weapons, which my friendes
haue tryde to much, I sweare.
That none of all the Greékes
my secret parts doe knowe:
Forsake and as an abiect scorne
me, if it prowue not so.
But if I shoulde demaunde
an oth of thée againe,
That thou hadst with none other Lasse
but with thy Briseis laine.
And say: thou valiant wight,
hast thou not past in play
Since I to Agamemnon went?
Achylles would say nay.

The Grékes ſurmiſe that thou
doſt leade thy life in wo,
And mourne foꝛ want of Briſeis: but
I ſée it is not ſo.
Thou rumbleſt on thy Lute,
ſwéete muſicke likes thine eare,
Some luſtfull Laſſe will not permit
Achylles couch beleare.
If queſtion were, why thou
didſt ſtint from wonted fight:
Thou wouldſt auouch that Venus were,
with greater pleaſure freight.
Moꝛe ſafety is to lincke,
and rowe in Venus Barge,
Oꝛ with a pleaſant Thꝛacian Lute
to all ſoꝛowes to diſcharge:
Than in thy hande to haue
a ſhielde with bloudie Speare,
Oꝛ beaute Helmet on thy head,
and feltred Locks to beare.
But woꝛthy woꝛkes of warre
were moꝛe imbꝛaced earſt,
Than ſuch a ſafetie, when thy bꝛeaſt
with gloꝛies Launce was pearſt.
What? were thou onely ſtoute
when I by fight was wonne?
Is all that courage quailed quite,
now Lyrnes ſiege is done?

Nay,

Nay, Gods forbid that thou
shouldst seeke thy fame to lose,
Yet rather let thy Launce the breast,
of hautie Hector brose.
Sende me (you Gréekes) to treate,
as seruant will I sue
Unto my Lord, and all my woordes,
my kisses shall ensue.
For Briseis will preuayle
farre more than Phœnis can:
And more than wise Vlysses tale
or Aiax with the man.
T'is much with folded armes
his neck to haue imbrast:
And louing lookes by fancie forst
with glauncing eye to cast.
Though thou (Achylles) be
with rigor and with rage
Repleate, yet naytheleſſe with teares,
thy wrath I will asswage.
And may they now take place:
If so, Gods graunt thy Sire
(The woorthy Peleus) to his yeares
and hoped age aspire.
If so thou heare my sute,
Gods graunt that Pirrhus may
(Thy woorthy sonne) to battayle go
in good and luckie day.

Beholde

Beholde thou manly wight,
thy Briſeis clad with wo:
Abandon rigor in good tyme
that paines thy louer ſo.
Or if thy loue be chaungde,
from loue to lothſome hate:
Force hir that liues in beaute plight
to yéelde hir due to fate.
The fine will proue it ſo,
my corps and colour fade:
The ſoule to kéepe his former force
thy onely hope hath made.
Which hope, when ſo ſhalt faint
and be debarde his hire:
Thy Briſeis to hir husbandes ſoule
and brothers ſhall aſpire.
To force a woman die,
no glory mayſt thou gayne:
But ſo thou long to haue my death
let me with ſworde be ſlayne.
Some bloud as yet remaines
in carefull corps incloſde:
Which woulde flush out, if with thy ſworde
the daine were once diſcloſde.
With ſelfe ſame weapon pierce
my weake and fæble syde,
Wherewith (if Pallas had not béene)
Atrides ſhoulde haue dyde.

Yet rather saue my life
as thou tofore hast donne:
And thou that were by pittie mounde,
by humble sute be wonne.
On Troian wreake thy wrath,
thy fierce vnfeyned foe:
Go bath in Phrygian bloud, thy blowes
on Priams friendes bestowe.
Achylles say the worde,
and where thou come or stay,
If thou wilt haue me make returne,
thy Briseis comes hir way.

The Argument of the *fourth Epiſtle, intituled*

Phædra to Hippolytus.

THe franticke Phædra, Theſeus wedded Mate,
In abſence of the Duke hir huſband fell
In loue with Hippolite, and did forſake
The woorthie wight that loude his wife ſo well.
But he delighted with Diana more
Than cranking Cupid, or Dame Venus play:
Aye kept the chaſe, and ſlue the ſauage Bore.
Not forcing what his Motherlaw did ſay.
She naythelesſe attacht with glowing gleede,
To winne the chaſtfull youth to filthie luſt:
In ſubtile ſort his humors ſought to feede,
Perſwading him hir ſute to be but iuſt.
With ſundry ſleightes ſhe went about to winne
The retchleſſe youth, that mynded nothing leſſe
Than ſhamefull luſt and filthy fleſhly ſinne.
The Mothers minde this Piſtle doth expreſſe,
Theſe ſuing lines hir ſluttiſh ſute bewray,
Wherein to Hippolyte thus gan ſhe ſay.

The fourth Epistle.

Phædra to Hippolytus.

THe health and gréeting that she sends,
the same shall Phædra want,
Unlesse thou (Hippolyte) such health
vouchsafe to Phædra graunt.
Receiue and reade what so is sent,
what domage may ensue:
In these perhaps there lurckes that may
thy pleasures plight renue.
As well by lande as surging seas,
such wrytes are wont to wende:
And foes that fæde on rancour, reade
the lines the foes doe sende.
Thrise was I bent to haue disclosde
to thée my couert sute:
But thrise my foltring tongue was tyde,
I stoode as one were mute.
I mingled bashfull shame with loue,
till loue surpassed shame:
Wherefore the woords I blusht to speake,
in wryting reade the same.
For what so Cupid giues in charge
tis madnesse to despise:
For he doth conquere God and man
as nature did deuise.

Ye when I stode in gall full dreade,
to penne my earnest sute,
Sayde, wryte on Phædra, he shall yéelde
and pay thy paynes with frute.
Be prest thou mightie Prince of loue,
and as thy feruent fire
Doth burne my breast, so cause him frie
with Phædras hote desire.
I minde not by enormous guilt
to breake my spousall knot:
For (woulde thou wilt) my life as yet
is frée from shamefull blot.
Howe muche the longer tis ere loue
inuades a womans brest:
The sorer is the cruell gashe,
and brédes the more distrest.
My inwarde partes are all inflamde,
my bowels boyle with heate:
My scorched hart forepinde with wo
a lurcking wounde doth freate.
As bullockes may not well abide
the croked yoke at furst:
Nor trampling Colts with bit or brake
to haue their iawes yburst:
So fares it by my skilless brest
that hardly may endure:
Unwonted loue, or such vnrest
as Cupid will procure.

In youth when skill by practise commes,
the knowledge is profounde:
But who so loues when youth is spentd
can not with Arte abounde.
The first taste of my spotlesse fame
vnto thy share shall fall
And eche of vs at once shall be
to sinfull lust in thrall.
T'is somewhat from the fraughted boughes
to pluck the fruite at full,
And Primrose with a nymble nayle
from slender stalke to pull.
Euen so the former brightnesse of
my passed age was cleare,
Obscured with no cloudye crime,
as doth in prople a peare.
But well it chaunceth that I am
attacht with worthy flame,
A foule Adulter than the fact
doth brede a fouler shame.
Though Iuno woulde to Phædras vse
of Ioue renounce hir right:
Yet Phædra would Hippolytus
preferre with all hir might.
And now (which thou wouldst scarcely deeme)
I am not as I was:
I haue delight in quechie groues,
by brutish beasts to passe.

Now Dian with hir bended bowe
and shaftes is all my care:
I yælde me wholy to thy will,
in wzacke and wealth to fare.
My pleasure is to hautie hilles,
and bushie bzakes to hie:
To pitch my hay, oz with my Houndes
to rayse a lustie crie:
Oz elſe with weake and willing arme
a trembling dart to thzowe,
Oz wearie limmes in gralle and greaues
with pleasure to bestowe.
T'is oft my pzactise in the playne
a Charret foz to guide:
And with a bit, to wzest and winde
the hozse from side to side.
Sometimes by restlesse raging fits
much like to Bacchus Nunne,
Oz to Cibels bzainsick Nymphes
in Ida Mount, I runne.
Resembling those whome Driades,
and Faunes fozce to flæ:
Whome Semigods we dæmed, and
halfe heauenly wights to bæ.
This tale is tolde to me at large
when furious fittes are past:
To me I say, whose couert parts
with silent loue doe wast.

We may perhaps vnto the fate
and foztune of our kinde
Impute this loue, and Venus longs,
by tribute vs to binde.
Foz first the faire Europa was
of mightie Ioue embzaft:
Who in the figure of a Bull
did play a fluttish caft.
Another bzutish Bull my Dame
Phasiphae beguilde:
Who with an vgly monster was
by him begot with childe.
False Theseus by my sisters shifts
and trackt of silken twine,
The crooked caue and doubtfull denne
of Dedal fled in fine.
And last of all, least I should seeme
to swarue from Minos trade,
The remnant of that noble race
the like attempt haue made.
And that by fatall domme procurde,
one house two Nymphes hath wonne:
My sister loude the father well,
and I imbzace the sonne.
Two sisters were away conuayde
by thee, and by thy Sire:
Erect two Trophees of one house,
whereto you did aspire.

That time when we in Athens did
to Ceres incense yéelde:
Would Gods that Gnosian quiet soyle
in Creta me had héelde.
Then most of all (but euer well)
thou stoodste in Phædras grace,
And chiefly tho thy pierce sant loue
my yéelding hart did race.
Thy vesture was as white as snow,
and head with garlands deckt:
Thy visage swart, was séemely then
with Rosie red infect.
Thy countnance which to other Dames
so clownish séemes and grimme.
For clownish, comely Phædra thinkes
hir eye doth iudge it trimme.
Fie on those fonde vnmanly men
that séeke in nice atfyze,
Against their kinde, the curious tricks
of women to aspyze.
Thée (Hippolyte) thy warlike face
and staring locks commende:
Thy countnance grymed all with dust
a comely shape doth lende.
Where thou with Raine dost rule thy horse
and gallop in the fielde:
I marueil at thy Arte, that so
canst force a Courser yéelde.

Or where thou with thy nimble arme
a thirling Launce doſt caſt:
I muſe how ſuch a ſlender Dart
ſhoulde pierce the aire ſo faſt.
Or where thou hold thy hunting ſtaffe
ytipt with ſtubborne ſteele,
Or ought doſt elſe it glads my minde,
my hart the ioy doth feele.
Wherfore this rigor to the woods
and knarrie trées expell,
I am not ſhe that doth deſerue
to die for louing well.
To what purpoſe wilt thou put
Dianas feates in prowſe,
And take from Venus all hir due,
and ſtande from hir alowſe:
For what ſo lacks ſucceſſine reſt
and reſpite after toyle.
Which ſhoulde refreſh the fainting limmes,
muſt néedes ſuſtayne the foyle.
For tryall take thy crooked bowe,
and let it ſtande ybent,
And neuer ceaſe to ſhwte, and thou
ſhalt féele his force relent.
Though Cephalus in ſilent woodes
were wont to waſt his time,
And kill his game with dexter hande
when ſauage were in prime:

Yet naythelesse to Auroras Touch
and Cabbin would he wende:
In lothed Tithons woonted roome
the ioyfull time to spende.
Not once, nor twise, but sundrie sighes
the Goddesse Venus lay
With Adon in the waylesse woods,
hir pleasures to assay.
So with the faire Atlantas loue
Sir Meleager glowde,
Whome in the proofe of perfite loue
the monsters spoyle allowde.
So let vs now at length I pray
be numbred with the mo:
The rudenesse of your chase appéeres,
if Venus it forgo.
My selfe will followe at a foote,
though rockie hilles say nay:
No gnashing Bore with threatning tusk
thy Phædra shall affray.
Two seas there are that with their waue
enuiron Istmos so,
That all the Iland heares the flouds
on eyther side that flo.
There I with thée in Trezen will
soiourne in Pitheus raigne:
For now that soyle contents me more
than all my Countrie vaine.

Now

Now loytring Theseus doth dislodge,
not minding to retire
As yet, Perithous his frende
his presence doth desire.
And least we shoulde apparant truth
with frowarde will denie
That Pyrrith he preferres before
our loues we may espie.
And not this onely wrong (though this
were much) we both endure
But he in greater matters doth
our open wrong procure.
My brothers bones with hatefull blowes
of knarrie clubbe he brake
My sister eke suspecting naught,
this Theseus did forsake.
The chiefe of all the Amazons
for prowesse and for fame
Thy mother was, who well deserude
great fauour for the same.
But if thou chaunce of hir what is
become, demaunde to make:
Thou shalt deserie that she hir death
by Theseus sworde did take.
And that before she was conioynde
in mariage. Wote you why?
For thou baseborne shouldst neuer raygne
and Princes rome supply.

And

And moze than that, on me he gat
some Impes, whom Theseus wrath
Not mine (I witnesse all the Gods)
to some bereued hath.
O Lozd, what so she were alive
that woulde thy spoyle intende:
Amidst hir trauell woulde hir life
by shamefull death might ende.
Wherefoze go to, doe reuerence
vnto thy fathers bed:
Which he by his vnhonest meanes
and faithlesse slight hath fled.
Be not surpzisde with foolish feare
noz rapt with gastfull awe,
That I thy lotted stepdame am
and thou my sonne in lawe.
These rites and superstitions
by Saturn were maintainde:
But all such lawes in future time.
are like to be restrainde.
That ruistie Saturn now is dead,
his statutes are all gone:
Now follow Ioue, who gouernes all,
and raignes as Pzince alone.
Foz Ioue as lawfull hath allowde
what so may bzéede delight:
And now the bzother may his fayth
vnto his sister plight.

They

They whom Damenature had allyde
and linkt by lawe of kinde,
By mutuall loue and friendly league,
the knot moze firmely binde.
To kéepe in couert such delights
it is but slender skill,
The cloke of kindzed will pzocure
the wozlde to iudge no yll.
When so our kissing shall be séene,
oz clipping close be knowe:
That I a stepdame am so kinde,
to both our pzayse will growe.
Thou shalt not néede to come by darks
oz bleare the Pozters eye,
By comming to the lodging late
where I am wont to lye:
As we haue solourned long yeare,
so we hereafter will:
And as we haue in open kist,
so may we franckly sit ill.
With me thou maist be safe and sound
thy fact shall purchase fame:
And though thou in my bed were séene
it will not bréede thy shame.
Wherefoze expell all fonde delayes,
and haste to Venus ioy:
So Cupid, that on me doth rage,
pzocure thée none annoy.

Thou

Thou séest I take not in disdaine
in humble sort to sue.
Lord, where is all my pride become
and hautie wordes that flue.
I was in minde and fully bent
resistance to haue made,
Reuolting aye: but nowe I sée
no stay in louers trade.
Thus conquered, with erected handes
and falling at thy knée
I sue for grace. What best beséemes
we louers can not sée.
Now honest shame hath fled my face:
and makes no longer stay:
Relent, and since I doe confesse,
ridde rigour cleane away.
Since Minos that doth owe the Seas
my stately Sire is knowne,
Since from my Grandsires weakfull hands
the thundring bolts are throwne.
Since Phædra that doth make request
of Phœbus line discendes,
Who to the soyle his blazing brandes
for earthly comfortlendes:
(In this my loue great honor lurches)
let noble stockes dissent,
(If Phædras sute may not be heard)
enforce thée to relent.

All

All Creta, where the mightie Ioue
was fostred, is my dowze:
Which I will wholy yéelde to thée
to vse thereon thy powze.
Exile this ruthfull rage, my Dame
a sauage Bull coulde mœue:
Woze cruell then a bzutish beast
wilt thou thy selfe appzœue?
Foz Venus sake I craue remozse,
whome I doe honour fayne:
So graunt yée Gods that Hippolyte
may neuer loue in vayne.
Diana chaste in silent wœdes
so pzest be at thy call:
And Lawndes so lende thée stoze of game
to glad thy minde withall.
So Satyrs, friendly shew your selues,
and Mountaine Panes rake,
So on the cruell tusked Boze
thy Jauylaine mayst thou bzeake.
So, (though thou hate the hurtlesse Nymphes)
let Nymphes from chzistall flœd,
Allowe the lycoz to expell
thy thirst in desert wœd.
Unto these mylde requestes of mine
I added teares withall:
When so thou reade the lynes, surmise
thou sawste the dzops to fall.

The Argument of the fift Epiſtle, entituled

Oenone to Paris.

KYng Priamus wife with childe,
and neare hir time did dreame
That ſhe was brought a bed with flaſh
and flaming fierie ſtreame.
The doubtfull Sire demaundes
the Oracles aduiſe:
Which tolde that domage by the babe
to Troie ſhoulde ariſe.
The father gaue in charge
the childe ſhoulde die the death:
The Dame deliuerde ſought the meane
to ſaue hir babe his breath.
A hyard had the chylde
that growne to mans eſtate,
Of Oenon was enamoured,
and tooke hir to his Mate.
But when the Ladies ſtroue
for beautie, Paris gaue
His verdit on Dame Venus ſide:
that promiſde he ſhoulde haue
In token of good will,
a paſſing wench for hewe:
Meane while the Sire by ſecret ſignes
his ſonne ſir Paris knewe.

The Argument.

To Greece the gallant goes
and steales Atrides *wife,*
That was the cause of wailefull warre,
and roote of ranckling strife.
Which when Oenon *knewe*
(report had blazde it so)
Agreeude, she made hyr iust complaint:
and prayde him to for go
The wrongfull Greekish rape,
and take hir to his Feere.
The wordes she wrote with painefull pen,
began as you shall heere.

The fift Epistle.

Oenone to Paris.

TO Paris that was once hir owne
though now it be not so,
From Ida, Oenon greeting sendes
as these hir letters show.
May not thy nouell wife endure
that thou my Pistle reade?
That they with Grecian fist were wrought
thou needst not stand in dreade.
Pegasian Nymph renound in Troy,
Oenone highte by name,
Of thée, (that art mine owne) complaine
if thou permit the same.
What frowarde God doth séeke to barre
Oenone to be thine?
Or by what guilt haue I deserude
that Paris should decline?
Take paciently deserued wo
and neuer grutch at all:
But vndeserued wrongs will greeue
a woman at the gall.
Scarce were thou of so noble fame,
as platly doth appeere:
When I (the offspring of a floud)
did chose thée for my Feere.

And thou, who now art Priams sonne:
(all reuerence layde apart)
Were tho a Hiard to beholde
when first thou wanste my hart.
How oft haue we in shadow layne
whilst hungry flocks haue fed?
How oft haue we of grasse and greaues
prepard a homely bed?
How oft on simple stacks of strawe
and bennet did we rest?
How oft the dew and foggie mist
our lodging hath oppressed?
Who first discouerde thee the holtes
and Lawndes of lurcking game?
Who first displaide thee where the whelpes
lay sucking of their Dame?
I sundry tymes haue holpe to pitch
thy toyles for want of ayde:
And forst thy hounders to climbe the hilles
that gladly would haue strayde.
The boysteous Beech Oenones name
in outwarde barke doth beare:
And with thy caruing knife is cut
Oenon euery where.
And as the trées in time doe ware
so doth encrease my name:
Go to, grow on, erect your selues,
helpe to aduaunce my fame.

There growes (I minde it very well)
vpon a bancke, a tree
Whereon there doth a fresh recorde
and will remaine of mee,
Liue long thou happie tree, I say,
that on the brinck dost stande:
And hast ingraued in thy barcke
these wordes, with Paris hande.
When pastor *Paris* shall reuolte
and *Oenons* loue forgoe:
Then *Xanthus* waters shall recoyle,
and to their fountaynes floe.
Now Riuer backwarde bend thy course,
let Xanthus streame retier:
For Paris hath renounst the Nymph
and prwude himselfe a lier.
That cursed day bred all my dole,
the winter of my ioy,
With cloudes of froward fortune fraught
procurde me this annoy.
When cankred craftie Iuno came
with Venus, (Nurce of loue)
And Pallas eke, that warlike wench,
their beauties pride to proue.
No soner heard I of that hap
which thou thy selfe didst tell,
But streight through all my quiuering bones
a trembling feare there fell.

And plunged all in doubtfull dread,
of aged folkes I sought
What might this gastly matter meane:
some haynous thing they thought.
Then with a trice the trées were cut,
the timber went to wrack:
And tallowed Keales did forrow seas
and made the Cabels crack.
At parture saltish teares were shed
thou canst but lay the same:
In sayth this latter loue of thine
deserues the greater shame.
Then showres of brackish brine began
of eyther side to rayne:
And both repleate with griefe alike
at parture gan to playne.
Not Bacchus braunches so imbrace,
ne limber limmes of vine
Enuiron that whereof it growes
as thou this necke of mine.
How often were thou wroth with windes
when windes did serue thée well:
Thy scurney Mates began to smyle
when they thy sleights did smell.
How oft didst thou me swétely kisse
and then vnkisse againe:
How did thy (last adue) procure
thy soltring tongue to paine:

With wished wind thy sayles were stuft
that hong vpon thy Mast:
The waters wart as greene as grasse
the Dares went on so fast.
With sight as long as sight would serue
thy Barcke I did pursue,
And when mine eye might see no more,
my hart began to rue.
To greene Nereides I did sue
that thou might'st sone retyre:
And I (to further this my woe)
thy gainecome did desyre.
Whose comming is to others vse
procured by my sute::
(Alas) of all my trauelling toyle
a harlot hath the frute.
A huge and haughtie hill there is
that gapes into the flood,
Repelling all the waltring waues
that beate his bancke a good.
From thence I toke my prime prospect
and knew full well thy ship:
A sodaine ioy well nigh had made
me from the Mount to skip.
But whilst I stayde I saw in top
a purple banner shine:
Which colours made me sore adradde,
I knew they were not thine.

The ship that slacked not to sayle
came by and by to shore,
With quaking heart I saw a Lasse
I neuer knew before.
Se yet coulde that perdie suffice,
(but wherefore made I stay:)
The hatefull harlot out of hande
hir manners did display.
Then mourning gan I rent my Robes,
then beate I on my brest:
And with vnfriendly fist my face
in wayfull wise was drest.
My yelling clamors Ida heard,
and witnesde all my woe:
I carred thyther to my Cotte
my teares, that fell as snowe.
So graunt yée Gods that Helen rue
and spoyled of hir Make,
Of these my griefes procurde by hir
the greatest share may take.
Now hast thou brought them home by seas
and ouer wandred waues:
That haue their loyall husbands fled
and left as lothsome slaues.
But when thou were in vile estate
and led a Yiards life:
Were Paris had but Oenon tho
to his approued wife.

I am not she that wayes thy wealth
thy Pallace moues me nought:
Ne to be Priams daughter I
by earnest sute haue sought.
Yet néedelesse is that Priam should
of such a daughter shame:
What should procure olde Hecuba,
to blush to be my Dame:
I well deserude, and very faine
a Princes spouse would bée:
A Scepter would beséeme my hande
and passing well agrée.
Though I with thée in open holte
amid the sedge were séene:
Disdaine me not, a purple bed
were fitter for a Quéene.
In fine my loue is voyde of dreade
thou néedst not warre at all:
Reuenger ships are not in sight
to sacke the Troian wall.
But hatefull Helen is requirde
with wreakefull warre againe:
This is a daintie dowre in déede
where bloudshed is the gaine.
Aske Hectors counsell in this case
where thou shouldst hir restore:
Deiphobus, Polydamas,
with other Troians more.

Let

Let sage Antenors tale be hearde,
let Priam giue aduise:
For they by long expence of yeares
haue gotten to be wise.
It is a shamefull thing in déede
a strumpet to preferre:
The goodnesse of thy cause appéares,
the Grékes doe iustly warre.
Mayst thou assure hir to be true
or ought in hir affie,
Whome thou so quickly wanst with words
and made hir countrie flie?
As yong Atrides doth lament
and sorrow this his fate,
And takes in griefe a straunger shoulde
enioy his wedded Mate.
So Paris shall in proçesse proue
and sweare that gaged faith
Once failed, may not be restorde
till life doe ende by death.
Put case shée loue thée (Paris) well,
so did she loue the Gréke:
But now the fiely man is sole,
his Helen is to séeke.
Thrise happie was sir Hectors wife,
hir luck was passing good:
Thou shouldst haue followde Hectors trade
and to thy bargin stood.

Woꝛe light art thou than parched leaues
when luck and sap is lost,
That with the winde foꝛ want of weight
from place to place are tost.
In thée lesse suretie to be found
than weight in beard of wheate,
That is surpꝛisde with sunnie rapes
and Phœbus feruent heate.
I call to minde thy sisters lawes
which tho I toke as vaine:
The Pꝛophetesse pꝛonownst in pꝛouse
that now is passing plaine.
What madnesse makes thée thus inradge
to sowe thy séede in sande:
O Nymph (she sayd) with bootelesse plough
thou bꝛeakst a barraine lande.
A Gréekish Nayser comes to Troie,
that both thy Countrie spoyle
And thée, thy house, (which Gods foꝛfend)
will bꝛing to vtter foyle.
With spéede go sinck that shamefull ship,
let dꝛowne the beastly Barcke
That fraughted is with Phꝛygian blood,
repleate with Troian tarcke.
No sooner had this Sibyll sayde,
hir Vassels thought hir wode:
But I with quaking feare was rapt,
my heare ercted stode.

Thy

Thy wordes (Cassandra) were of weight,
thou art a Sibyll true:
The hayfer leapes within my leaze
that makes my hart to rue.
Surpassing though hir beautie be
dishonest is hir life,
That leaues hir Countrie Gods, and is
become a straungers wife.
Once was she earst away conuayde
from Greece by Theseus theft:
I wote not by what Theseus, but
by Theseus was she reft.
Might she with Maidenhead retyre
from such a wanton guest:
No, no, I know the trade of loue
as well as doth the best.
Well, pose it to be rape and stealth,
so cloake the crime with name:
Yet she that was so often wronge
assented to the same.
Oenon neuer swarude hir best
though Paris were vntrust:
Of right thou shouldst haue bene beguilde
in whom was slender trust.
Sage, swift, and seemely Satyrs would
with me bene coupled faine,
Whome they in leauie woods haue sought
with great and griefull paine.

The

The fonded Faunus oft in Ide
my friendship did request:
Whose head with hurtlesse hornes, and bowes
of Pine was brauely drest.
The faythfull Phœbus (Troians trust
and rampire) loude me well:
Untill such tyme my daintie frutte
vnto sir Phœbus fell,
And that by force: in proofe whereof,
I rent his golden heare,
And scratcht his face with froward fist,
the signes as yet appeare.
No iewels I, ne Gemmes receiude
for filthy lukers hire:
T'is beastly so t'ingage the corps
for grædie mucks desire.
He dæmde it recompence ynough
his Phisicke to bestowe:
My skilfesse hande and barraine skull
he taught his Art to knowe.
What hearbe soeuer were of powre
or vertue to recure,
To learne his force and lurcking might
I could my selfe assure.
Aye me, the most vnhappie wench,
vnluckiest vnder Sunne:
Though I in Phisicke haue good sight
by loue my skyll is wunne.

Apollo

Apollo Phisick that deuisde
Admetus flocke did fæde:
And had his goodly brest incenst
with Oenons partching glæde.
But Paris wotst thou what: the health
that neither hearbes may lende
Ye Gods may graunt, thy friendly fist
at once to me may sende.
Thou canst and I haue well deserude,
take mercy of a Mayde:
I come not like a Græcish foe,
Atrides powre to ayde.
But thine I am and from thy youth
thy louer haue I bæne:
And will whilst (lungs shall lende me breath)
thy faythfull friende be sæne.

The Argument of the sixt Epistle, entituled Hypsiphyle to Iason.

THe Oracle pronounst to Pelias, that bee
Should then in daunger stande of death
when he did chaunce to see
One barefoote, doing rytes
vnto his fathers ghost:
T'was Iasons hap to meete him,
that by hap his shoe had lost
In flood Auaurus foord.
The Vncle waying than
The prophecie, to stand in doubt
of dreadfull death began,
To Colchos he perswades
the lustie youth to fleete
To fet the golden Fleese
a spoyle for such a Gallant meete,
In hope the daungers woulde
the wanton wight deuourde
Sir Iason with a troupe of Greekes
through choking chanell scourde.
At Lemnos he at length
and all his route arriude,
An Yle where cursed women had
their husbandes liues depriude,

Hypsiphyle

The Argument.

Hypſiphyle the Queene
did intertaine the Greeke
And all his trayne for courteſie,
they neuer ſaw the like.
There two yeares he ſoiourned,
his Mates at laſt beſpake
Their Captaine, and perſwade him thence,
his voyage on to take.
The Queene was great with Babe.
away the Grecians go,
Ariude at Colch he wanne the Fleeſe
Medea looude him ſo.
The Conquerour conueyes
the Maide with him to Greece,
Which Queene Hypſiphyle hearing off,
and of his pretie peece,
Repynde at Iaſon ſore,
that Medea had poſſeſt:
The place which ſhe had wonne before
by vſing well hir gueſt.
She ioyes at his returne,
the Witch ſhe felly hates,
And thus with ioyfull Iaſon in
hir Piſtle ſhe debates.

The sixt Epistle.

Hypsiphyle to Iason.

THe flickring fame repoztes
that to Thessalia soyle
Thou art with luckie Barcke returnde,
enricht with golden spoyle.
I ioy (as much as thou
wilt giue me leaue mine owne)
To heare thy health, but yet I shoulde
thereof by letter knowne.
For that thou shouldst not leaue
my lande at thy returne
Unséene: thou couldst not haue the windes
to serue thy hoped turne.
Thou shouldst haue sent me lines
though weather did not serue:
I stande assurde that Hypsiphil
a grætting did deserue.
Why came repozt befoze
thy letters made me showe,
That bluddie Mars his sacred Bulles
the pinching yoke did knowe:
And that of scattred séede
there weapned wightes arose:
And that thy balefull hande was pzest
to deale them deadly blose:

And that the water Fenne
the glittering spoyle did kéepe:
Which thou in fine with manly hande
hast reft the shining shéepe:
To such as harely woulde
beléeue the wonders tolde,
How blest were I, if I might haunt
thus Iason wrote. Beholde.
What shall I say thou hast
not playde the husbandes part:
So I be thine, thy friendship farre
surmounts my small desart.
The brute doth blast there is
a barbarous Witch arriude
With thée, who hath me of my spouse
and bridely bed depriude.
Loue lightly will beleeue:
woulde to God I might be fed
A rashfull Dame, and false reports
of Iason to haue spred.
A guest of Thessal came,
from Hemus parts of lake,
Who scarcely had set foote within
my vnacquainted gate.
How fares my loue (quoth I)
olde Æsons sonne I pray:
But he with countnance cast to ground
for shame had naught to say.

Then

Then forth I skipt in haste,
and renting mine attire:
Liues he (quoth I) or doe the fates
my death also require:
He liues (quoth he) an othe
in proofe thereof I craue:
I made him sweare, yet to his Gods
I hardly credite gaue.
When to my selfe I came,
thy manly actes to knowe
I longde: and he how Mars his Bulles
had turnde the spoyle did showe.
He layde that snakie téeth
for séede were cast on lande:
And vpstart men with armour clad
both sworde and shielde in hande.
And that the earthly brode
in ciuill warre was slaine:
And in a day lost sodaine life
by sodaine death againe.
And of the Serpents fall,
againe where Iason liues
I alke. So hope and doubtfull dreade
for chiefest credit striues.
Whilst he ech thing displayes
desirous for to prate:
He makes me shew how thou hast wrongde
thy loyall spouse of late.

O where is plighted fayth:
where nuptiall othes and bande:
And that which shoulde bene cast in flame,
I meane the spousall brande:
Thou knowste me not by stealth,
dame Iuno was in place,
(Who hath the marrige charge) and there
did Hymen shew his face.
But neither Iuno did
nor Hymen holde the light:
Some furie fell with bloudshot eyes
did frame this cankred spight.
Why I with Minyes did deale:
or Pallas sacred pine:
Or (Typhus) what hast thou to doe
with any soyle of mine:
Here was no famous Kamme
with fléese of glowing golde:
In Lemnos was no Pallace for
your aged Prince to holde.
First was I fully bent,
but destnie me withdrue,
By womans powre to put them off
and wandring guestes subdue:
For Lemnian Ladies knowe
to well to warre with men:
My lyfe with such a valiant troupe
should haue bene garded then.

I gaue the man at once
my hoſtage and my hart:
For two yeares date thou wert with me,
and neuer didſt depart.
When thirde Autumne came on
that thou of force were faine
To hoyſe thy ſayles: theſe words thou ſpakſte
with guſhing teares amaine:
Mine owne I muſt depart,
if Fortune ſay Amen,
From hence I paſſe thy ſpouſe, and will
thy ſpouſe repaſſe agen.
The Impe within my wombe
Gods graunt that it may liue:
And we his parents both yfeare
a decent name may giue.
Thus much (I minde) thou ſpakſte,
when ſalted teares berainde
Thy faiſed face, the remnant of
thy ſermon was reſtrainde.
The laſt of all thy Mates
thou clambſt the ſacred Arge,
That ſpind along, thy ſayles did ſtrowte
they had ſo great a charge.
The ſhip was ſhoude a pace
vpon the grayiſh flood:
Thou threwſt thine eyes to ſhore, and we
to ſeawarde lokte agood.

There standes a Turret by
that ouerlookes the place:
To whom I ranne, and did with teares
imbrue both breast and face.
I looked through my teares,
mine eye as friendly light
Had larger kenning than of course,
and farther stretcht his sight.
Adde thereunto my vowes,
and Prayers ioynde with dred:
Which sacred vowes I will perfit
since thou hast haply sped.
But shall I pay my vowes?
shall Medea them enioy?
My heart doth ake, and wrath with loue
combined doth annoy.
Shall I beare gifts to Church
or be at charge at all?
To lose my louing Iason should
there any Hayser fall:
I was not calme in minde,
I alwayes stode in awe,
Thy father would not entertaine
in Greece a daughter lawe.
Of Greece I was in dreade,
but other worke my woe:
I haue receyude a hurt of one
whome earst I did not knowe.

By beautie noz deſert
  ſhe wonne thée but by charme:
With Sozcerers Sythe ſhe ſheares the graſſe
  whereby ſhe wozkes thy harme.
She ſayes from wonted track
  the wayward Mone to wzie:
And dimme with duſkie clowde the ſtéedes
  that pzawnce in open ſkie.
Shee bzidles running ſtreames,
  and ſléeting flouds doth ſtay:
She makes the holts and ragged rocks
  foz ioy to ſkip and play.
Diſſheueld with hir locks
  ſhe walks by buriall graues:
And certayne of the lothſome bones
  from waſting flame ſhe ſaues.
She curſeth abſent wightes,
  of Waxe ſhe pictures makes:
And pzickes with pinnes the penſiue lungs
  wherewith the bowels akes.
Thus loue that ſhould be wonne
  with beautie and deſart:
Is got (which would I had not tride)
  by Herbes and hurtfull Art.
What? canſt thou colle and clip
  oz ſléepe in ſelfe ſame bed
With hir, deuoyde of waking care,
  And fréé from carking dzed?

As earſt ſhe yokte the Bulles
  ſo hath ſhe bounde thée faſt:
And tamde thée as the Dragons fell
  were conquerde by hir caſt.
So that ſhe ſpoyles both thée
  and all thy Mates of prayſe:
And by the meane of ſuch a wife
  the huſbandes fame decayes.
In Theſſalie are ſome
  to poyſon that impute
Thy facts: and there will be ynough
  which will beléeue the brute.
Not this olde Æſons ſonne,
  but Oeetes daughter wrought:
T'was ſhe, not Iaſon, that the fléeſe
  of Golde from Colchos brought.
Aſke Alcimedes aduiſe,
  thy Dame doth this diſſéeke:
Thy father eke from chilly Kole
  who did a daughter ſéeke.
Let hir to Tanays go,
  And ſéeke in Scythian ſoyle
Hir louing ſpouſe, and gape for him
  from Phaſis farthéſt goyle.
Fie, faithleſſe Iaſon, fie,
  more light than windie blaſt:
Why doſt not thou thy paynted wordes
  with déede confirme at laſt?

Thou partedst hence my spouse,
why art not so retournde:
O barre not that at gaincome which
at parture was not wournde.
If noble line thou like,
and gentrie moue thy minde:
That I King Thaos dearling was,
and daughter mayst thou finde.
My Grandsire Bacchus was,
and Bacchus wyfe ycrownde
Doth farre surpasse the lesser lights
that hir enuiron rownde.
Lemnos shall be my dowze,
as fruitfull as the best
To such as there soiourne: any me,
accompt among the rest.
Who now am brought a bed,
let double ioy possesse
Thy heart, the father made the throwes
of trauaile seeme the lesse.
The number gladdes my minde,
(Lucina thanked bee)
Of good successe, a luckie twinne
to light are brought by mee.
Whose shape and shew they beare
if thou demaunde, I vaunt
Thou mayst be knowne by them, saue they
the fathers frawde doe want.

Whome

Whome I was euen at poynt
by Legates to conuay,
Saue that the cruell ſtepdame was
the onely cauſe of ſtay.
Medea made me dread,
who iuſtly may be thought
Worſe than a ſtepdame, with hir hande
eche curſed fact is wrought.
She that hir brothers bones
and fleſh could ſling in fielde,
Rent firſt with cruell fiſt: would ſhée
haue ruth vpon my childe?
Yet hir the fame reportes,
(O woode and wretched wight)
That thou before Hypſiphyl
preferſt with all thy might.
She going for a Mayde
hath playde a harlots caſt:
But with vnſpotted bridely chaine
we two were lincked faſt.
Hir father ſhe betrayde,
I ſaude king Thoas life,
She fled from Colch, in Lemnos I
remaine thy louing wife.
But whereto? if a drabbe
an honeſt woman winne?
And that hir crimes for ioynture haue
and ſtead of dowrie binne?

I blame the Lemnian Maydes,
I muse not at their déede:
For dolour to the angrie will
bring wreakefull toles with spéede.
Say on, if forst with windes
(as right did will thée doe)
Both thou and all thy troupe at once
my Port had commen tow:
And I with this my brode
had met thée at the doore:
Then wouldst thou not haue wisht the gaping soyle the corps deuoure:
(Unthriftie) with what face
vpon those Babes and mée
Wouldst thou haue lookte: fie traitor what
had bene fit death for thée:
Thou mightst haue liude at ease
and safe by my consent:
Not for thou didst deserue so well,
but cause I did relent.
I with that witchesse bloud
my face should haue imbrude,
And Iasons eke, which with hir herbes
the Harlot did delude.
To Medea I shoulde
haue béene Medea then,
(And if in skies be any Ioue
that will giue eare to men)

As

As Hypſiphyle doth playne
and ſob alone hir fill:
So let that beaſt (Medea) mourne
plagude with hir handie ſkill.
And as I loſe my Impes
and am bereft my Make:
So graunt, that hir as many babes
and huſbande may forſake.
Ne that ſhe may retayne
bût leaue with woꝛſer hap
Ill gotten goods: and banisht begge
hir bꝛeade with diſh and clap,
As louing ſiſter ſhée,
and daughter eke hath bêene
To Father and to bꝛother both:
Gods graunt ſhe may be ſéene
So ſpitefull to hir Spouſe,
and armde with yꝛefull rage
Euen to hir tender chyldꝛen whome
ſhe ought to garde in age.
When ſea and lande ſhe hath
conſumde, vp to the ſkie,
Let hir go rangle like a Rogue
and by ſelfeſlaughter die.
Thus I bereft my ſpouſe
King Thaos daughter pꝛay:
In curſed Cabbin leade your liues
yo beaſtly ſolkes I ſay.

¶ The Argument of the xiij. Epiſtle, entituled Dido to Aeneas.

WHen Priam was oppreſt
and Troie brought to ſack,
Æneas with his aged Sire
and Reliques on his back,
Ingagde himſelfe to ſeas
and ſhope his courſe aright:
But yet at length it was his lucke
on Libie lande to light
By force of frowarde floud,
where Dido gan to rayſe
A ſtately towne. The courteous Queene
the wandring Troian prayes
To make abode with hir:
ſhe lykte Æneas ſo,
As hoſtage with hir heart at once
on him ſhe did beſtow.
The meſſenger at length
from mightie Ioue was ſent
To new Carthago to demaunde
the Troian what he ment
In Libie lande to lodge
and loyter ſo in loue,
And not to ſeeke the lotted lande,
that was for his behoue.

Away

The Argument.

Away the Troian trudgde,
whose will when Dido *knew*
Was fully bent to leaue hir lande:
the Princesse gan to sue,
That eyther he would staye
according to his best,
Or graunt hir space to banish griefe
from hir agrieued brest.
When she had wasted wordes
and many teares yshed,
At point of death the quiuering Queene
thus to Aeneas sed.

The

The.vij.Epistle.

Dido to Æneas.

EVen so when fates doe call
ystretcht in moysted spring,
Upon Meanders winding bankes
the snowishe Swanne doth sing.
Not for I thinke my wordes
may ought prevayle I write:
For why: I knowe the haughtie Gods,
at this my purpose spite.
But since my fame, my corps,
and spotlesse minde are lost
By cankred hap: to waste my wordes
I reck it little cost.
Now art thou bent to passe
and leave pore Dido so:
And with the selfe same windes thy sayles
and fickle fayth shall go.
Æneas now thou mindste
thy Navie with thy bowe
To lose: and seeke Italia lande
but where: thou dosste not knowe.
Not Carthage built anewe,
nor yet the rising wall,
No not my stately Scepter may
convert thy minde at all.

Thou

Thou fléest the thing achiude
for those that are not domne:
Thou hast bene in one lande, and now
wilt to an other runne.
Suppose thou finde an Ile,
who will giue thée the place
To rule: will any yéelde his soyle
to men of forrayne race:
New loue remaynes for thée,
another Dido eake,
With other troth to be impawnde,
which thou agayne mayst breake.
When will it be that thou
wilt builde Carthagos péere:
Or bewe from Turrets top a troupe
of such as sojourne héere:
Though all these came to passe,
and thou hadst wish at will:
Yet where wouldst thou haue such a spouse
to beare thée like good will:
Euen as a waxen Torch
with Sulphur toucht I burne,
Both day and night to Didos thought
Æneas makes returne.
Euen that vngratefull guest
that scornes the gifts I gaue:
And he, whom I might want full well,
as wisedomes lore doth craue.

Yet hate I not the man
though he deserue despite:
But make complaint of his vntruth,
and lesse imbrace the wight.
O Venus, vse hir well
that married with thy sonne:
O Cupide, friende thy brother, let
him in thy number ronne:
Or else let him (for why
I ne disdayne to loue)
Whome I began to fancie, forces
me greater cares to proue.
I see I am deceyude,
his Image bleard my sight:
He differs from his mothers trade,
and swarues hir maners quight.
The rocks and ragged hilles,
and Okes in Mountaynes bred,
Begat, and thou of brutall beasts
in desert hast bene fed,
Or of the gulfe, which nowe
thou seest turmoylde with winde:
On whom (though waues rebell) to passe
thou fixed hast thy minde.
Why? whither flees? the stormes
doe rage: let stormes haue powre
To ayde my case, see how the seas
doe surge with Eurus scowre.

Let

Let me indebted be
to stormes, for that which I
Had rather owe to thée: more iust
than whome the waues I trie.
I am not so much worth,
(though thy desert be small)
That fléeing me by waltring Seas
thou lose thy life and all.
Thy hate is deare in déede
and of no slender price,
If whilst thou go from me, to die
thou reck it but a trice.
Within a while the seas
will cease their swelling tide:
And Triton with his grayish Stéedes
on calmed waues will ride.
O that with windes thou wouldst
exchaunge thy ruthlesse minde:
And so thou wilt, vnlesse of Okes
thou passe the stubborne kinde.
What if thou didst not knowe
how raging Seas coulde roze?
Yet thou that hast so often tride
wilt trauaile as before?
Though waues were nere so smoth
when thou shouldst leaue the bay:
Yet dure and dolefull things God wote
might happen by the way.

And further, they that falſe
their faith, in daunger are
On perillous ſeas: the place with them
for treaſons guilt doth warre.
And moſt when loue is wrongde,
cauſe Venus hath bene thought
T'haue had hir offpring of the waues
that in Cytheris wrought.
I feare leaſt I vndone
ſhall be thy cauſe of woe:
Or leaſt by wrack of ſhip I ſhould
endaunger thée my foe.
I pray thée liue, for ſo
I may reuenged bée
Farre better than by death: thou ſhalt
be ſaide to murther mée.
Put caſe that thou were caught
with ſway of whirling winde:
(But vaine be this abodement fell)
what then would be thy minde?
Then wouldſt thou oft reuoke
to thought the Phrygian tongue,
That did pronounce the periurde talke
which wrought poore Didos wrong.
Before thine eyes the forme
and Idoll of thy Fére
Deceyude, would ſtande in ſaddeſt ſort,
with bloudie feltred héere.

Thy

Thy selfe would graunt, thou hadst
deserude these torments all:
And thinke the thunder cast on thée
what so should hap to fall.
Wherefore giue time to wrath
and rage of roaring flood:
Great is the price of little stay,
thy passage will be good.
Hast no respect to me:
yet spare Iülus breath:
Sufficeth thée to haue bene thought
the Author of my death.
What proze Ascanius hath
or Countrie Gods deserude:
The Sea shal sinke the Saints, which were
from Phrygian flame preserude.
But neither thou thy Sire
ne priuate Gods didst beare
Upon thy back: thy vaunting crakes
these to Elisa were,
Thou lyest at euery worde,
not now thy tongue doth gimme
To gloze, ne I the first in trap
and guilefull snare hath binne.
If question were what of
Iülus Dame became:
Hir cruell husbande hir forswoke
to his eternall shame.

This thou to me displayste,
which made my brest to bende:
Much soner will my torment finde
than this my crime an ende.
And I doe nothing doubt
but that thy guiltie minde
Will thée condemne. Thou seauen yeares space,
no resting place couldst finde.
At length I gaue thée porte,
cast vp on blisfull shore:
And did infeffe thée with my Realme
thy name scarce tolde before.
Would Gods this had bene all
the friendship I had showne:
And that report of bedding had
not bene so lightly blowne.
That day procurde my bale
in which for sodaine raine
That pourde adowne, to couch in one
selfe caue we both were faine.
I heard a voyce, I thought
the Nymphes had howlde for ioy:
But they were Furies that forespake
of this my fell annoy.
Now broken faith I owde
to olde Sychæus name,
On me take vengeance, that to Yell
must go bereft of shame.

In

In shrine of Marble made
I haue Sychæus bones,
Whom boughes and snow white fleeses shrowde
appointed for the nones.
Foure times with wonted mouth
he callde me to the place:
To whom with whispering voyce, he said,
come Dido, come apace.
Without delay I came
sometime thy wedded Feere:
But this my shamefull fact procurde
mée slacker to appeere.
Forgiue my fault, alike
lye man hath me betrayde:
And one that hatred of the fact
and foule despight hath stayde.
His Dame a heauenly wight,
his Sire on shoulders borne
Did force me iudge he would haue stayde,
and not haue bene forlorne.
If néedes I must haue erred,
this error hath a shew
Of iust pretence: Be true and then
I shall not vrge it so.
But as my life at first
vnluckie was begonne:
Euen so the tenor of the same
to latter day doth ronne.

At sacred Altars staine
my husbands fell to ground,
And of the fact the spoyle vnto
Pigmalion did repound.
I as a wight exilde
my native soile did lose:
And left the cinders of my spouse
pursude by wreakful fose.
At length escaping seas
and brothers wrath, was brought
To coast vnknowne, where all the soyle
I gaue to thée I bought.
I framde it vp a towne,
and with farre stretching wall
Enuironde it, to neighbour townes
which was a deadly gall.
Then battels broyle began,
with warre a forraine wight,
And stely woman was pursude
when gates was scarcely pight.
A thousande suters came
which ioyntly did complaine
That I a raskall had preferde,
and had them in disdaine.
Why staggerest thou to yéelde
me to Hiarbas handes?
My selfe will stretch mine armes abrode
to byde thy cursed handes.

I haue a brother eke
whose hungrie hande both long
For Didos blood, as earst it did
Sichæus life to wrong.
Lay downe thy Gods prophande
and reliques brought to lande:
It fittes thée not such sacred things
to touch with hurtfull hande.
If thou of force were he
that should transport the same,
Reserude from fire: no force had béene
if they had burnt in flame.
(Anthrikt) perhaps thou leauste
thy Dido great with childe:
And in my wombe is part of thée
whom thou hast so beguilde.
The Wiser Impe will adde
vnto his mothers death:
So thou shalt kill a seelie babe
that neuer talked breath.
Iülus brother with
his Dame shall so be slaine:
And one selfe torment shall bereue
the liuely powres of twaine.
But God doth force thee hee,
would God had kept away
Such guilefull guests, and Troians had
in Carthage made no stay.

No doubt that God procures
the wayward windes to blowe:
And makes thee waste the wearie time
in sandie seas so slowe.
As when that Hector liude
if Troie stode againe,
To passe to Troie thou scarcely shouldst
endure a greater paine.
But not to Symois thou
but Tiber mindes to passe:
Arriued there, yet shalt thou be
a straunger naythelesse.
Thou seekst a lurcking lande
and vncouth place to holde:
Which scarce will be thy lot to finde
till thou be waxen olde.
Ambages layde apart,
moze better were for thee
Pigmalions welth to haue in hande
and sojourne here with mee.
With luckie hap to Tyren
thy Troian stock transpost:
And sacred Scepture holde in hande
in place of Princely post.
But if thou long for warre,
or yong Iulus seeke
By manly part to purchase praise
and giue his foes the gleeke:

Cause

Cause naught shall want, he shall
haue foes to wreake his wrath:
This place of lawes and armes good store
and broyling battels hath.
For olde Anchises sake
and bowe of Venus: Bote:
For all those sacred Gods which thou
hast safely brought from Troie.
So Gods agrée that they
which from thy Countrie came,
May Victors be, and all mishap
conuert to gladsome game:
And yong Ascanius liue
white siluer lockes to haue,
And olde Anchises browsed bones
may lodge in quiet graue:
I pray thee spare the house
that yéeldes it selfe to thée,
Saue that I loude, what crime at all
mayst thou impute to me?
Not I from Pthia came,
ne from the Mycene lyne:
My husbande ne my father were
no spitefull foes of thine.
Thine Hostesse let me bée
if of thy spouse thou shame:
So I remaine thy Dido still
I force not on the name.

The waues on Afrus bankes
that beate I know full well:
Sometime they fauour passengers,
sometimes they doe rebell.
Then launch thy ship from shore
when weather doth applie:
But now the wéedes will let thy Barck
on waltring seas to hie.
Giue me in charge to marke
the tyde, and then be bolde
To furrow flouds: though thou wouldst stay
then will I not withholde.
Thy wearie wandring Mates
doe lacke and looke for rest:
Thy Maute faine would stay, till time
hir tackle were adrest.
For my deserts and that
which after I shall prue
To thée, for marrige hope doe not
as yet thy thrall forgo:
Till surge of seas doe cease
and loue doe temper trade:
Meane while for to sustaine thy woorst
I stronger shall be made.
If not, I minde to waste
my lothsome life ere long:
It is but for a time that thou
shalt worke poore Dido wrong.

Mine

Myne Image whilst I witte
O that thou sawste with eye:
I witte, and in my lap the while
thy Troian swoorde doth lye:
Downe by my cheekes the teares
vpon the weapon fall:
Which now in stead of brine with bloud
shall be imbrued all.
Full well thy giftes agrée
to this my wretched fate:
My graue shall be small charge to thée
vnsitting to my state.
Not now my brest at furst
with cruell Launce is pierst
That place with dure and deadly dint
hath Cupid crazed earst.
Thou sister (Anne) that wast
of counsell in this case:
Now offer vp thy latter bonne
to Dido in the place.
When that my corps is burnt,
I will not then be led
Sichæus Dido: on my Herse
this scripture shall be red.
Aeneas gaue the cause
And sworde wherewith I dyde:
But desperate *Dido* on hir selfe
hir ruthlesse hande hath tryde.

The

¶ The Argument of the viij. Epistle, entituled Hermione to Orestes.

Before the stirre at Troie, to Pirrhus was
Hermion by sir Menelaus behight:
The father hauing cause from Greece to passe
To quaile the courage of his foes in fight,
Left all the rule to Tyndarus, that than
Despoused Hermion to another man.

Orestes had a promise of the peece,
Who thought himselfe assured of a Mate:
But when prowde Pirrhus made returne to Greece
He reft the Mayde when she pursude with hate:
For that in deede she loude Orestes so,
As loth she was with Achylls sonne to go.

But choyse was none to choose: she naytheless
By secret stealth aduertisde him that shee
Might rescude be, and from his prison passe.
Which fell in fine: for when Ægysthus bee
The Lecher had despoylde and Mother eake,
Orestes gaue Achylles sonne the gleake.

The.viij.Epistle.

Hermione to Orestes.

TO him that both my spouse of late
and brother was I wright:
My brother now, for of my spouse
another hath the right.
That Pyrrhus, that Achylls steps
for courage doth ensue:
Gainst law and right hath closde me vp,
and kéepes me fast in mue:
As much as lay in me to doe
I stoutly did withstande:
But I could doe no more than might
a weake and womans hande.
What dost thou (Pyrrhus) now, quoth I?
will none reuenged bée
Thinkst thou? I am but as a May-
den seruant vnto thée.
He differ then the ruthlesse waues
when I (Orestes) caulde:
Me by the locks with cruell hande
into his Cabbin haulde.
If Troian Dames me thrall had tane
or Lacedemon wonne:
I should no worse haue bene abusde
than now by Achylls sonne.

More

Wore friendly found Andromache
Achaias famous foyle:
When with the gastly Grecian flame
the Troian welth did broyle.
But oh Orestes (if to mée
thou haue respect at all)
Lay hands on that which is thine owne,
and to thy bottle fall.
What: if by falshode from thy folde
thy flock be borne away,
Wilt thou take armes: and for thy spouse
to fight in fielde will stay:
Let Menelaus myrrour bée
that for his rapted wife
Did vndertake such hotest warre
and stirde such stately strife.
Who if had slept and slugde at home
or loytred like an Asse:
My Dame had bene to Paris lincke,
as to my Sire she was.
Thou hast no néede a thousand ships,
or bending sayles to haue,
Nor any Gréekish Souldiers helpe,
thy onely ayde I craue.
Yet rather so (than not at all)
I should be set againe;
Tis famous for a man to fight
if wedlock suffer staine.

What:

to Oreſtes.

What: was not Grandſire to his wife
Atreus king Pelops ſonne?
At leaſt thou art my brother, if
the marrige were vndonne.
I pray thée brother, helpe thy Si-
ſter, Huſband helpe thy Feere,
A dubble title will procure
thée in my cauſe to ſteere.
My Grandſire for his aged yeares
and wiſedome paſſing graue,
(Who of his Neece had all the rule)
mée to Oreſtes gaue:
To Pyrrhus not acquainted with
the match, my father vowde:
But moſt of both my Grandſires dæde
as eldeſte ſhould be alowde.
When I with thée conioynde, I wrongde
none by my ſpouſall right,
But if I lincke with Pyrrhus, then
from thée I am not quight.
My father Menelaus will
wincke at my fact, I knowe:
For cauſe himſelfe hath felt the force
of winged Cubids bowe.
That will he graunt his ſonne in lawe
which he him ſelfe hath lowde.
My Dames example aydes my caſe
that Venus ſports hath prowde.

Lowke

Looke what my Sire is to my Dame,
euen that art thou to mée:
The slipper practise Paris playde,
with Pyrrhus doth agrée.
And he is stowte and stately for
the factes his Syre hath donne:
So thou mayst bragge and boast vpon
the spoyles thy father wonne.
Who all the troupe of Tantals traine,
Achylles eke did leade:
A chieftaine he among the Dukes,
a Souldier stowte at neade.
Thy Grandsire great king Pelops was,
and Pelops worthy Sire,
And if thou count aright from Ioue
thou art the fift esquire.
Thy manhoode is well knowne ynough,
thou foughtst I wote well whan:
But what shouldst thou doe in that case?
thy mother slue the man.
Would God vpon a better cause
thy stowtnesse had bene wrought:
Yet dare I vaunt the cause was gyuen
to thée, and neuer sought.
But thou didst bring it to effect
that Ægythe did with gore
Of gaping wound defile the floure
as had thy Syre before.

And therefore Pyrrhus often prates,
and to reproch doth wrye
Thy earned prayſe, and yet endures
my preſence with his eye.
I fret, and as my face doth puffe,
ſo ſwelles mine inwarde minde:
And burning breaſt with ſilent flame
of dolor ſcorcht I finde.
Before Hermions face imbrayded ſhould Oreſtes bée:
I want but force and brainſick blade
to be revengde for thée.
But wéepe and wayle I may my fill
which leſſens part of woe:
And downe on eyther ſide my fact
my teares as condùtes floe.
Them onely to commaunde I haue,
and out I poure them ſtill:
Alongſt my ſtayned chéekes eche houre
the welling teares doe trill.
This fortune followes all our race
and to our age is brought:
And all that are of Tantals line
a ſéemely rape are thought.
I will not here alleage the lyes
of falſe and fayned Swanne:
Ne yet complaine that Ioue in plume
did lurk both God and manne.

Where

Where Istmos stretchyng out at length
two Seas did so deuide:
Hippodamie on waxen wheeles
and counterfait cart did ride.
Faire Helen once conuayde away
by craftie Theseus traine,
By Castor and sir Pollux was
in fine restorde againe.
The selfesame Ladie thorough the seas
by Troian guest was brought:
For whome the noble Grecians Peeres
in wreakefull maner fought.
I scarce remembred, yet I minde
how tho the people wept,
In mournefull mode: and dismall dreade
into their hearts it crept.
The Grandsire groned, the sister sobde,
the brothers gan to broyle:
Lamenting Leda with the Gods
and Ioue did keepe a coyle.
And I with locks not long as then
rent all about my hed
Exclaymde, O mother leauste me thus?
and from thy childe art fled?
(For then hir husbande was a lacke)
and least I should be fed
No Impe of Pelops brode, I am
A pray by Pyrrhus led.

O that Achylles had bene free
and ſcapte Apollos bowe:
Then woulde he blame the beaſtly rage
of Pyrrhus pryde I knowe.
It neuer pleaſde, ne now would like
Achylles, if he liude,
To heare a wifebounde Wight lament
of liked lowe depriude.
What guilt of mine hath made the Gods
and heauenly powres ſo rage?
What curſed ſtarre might I accuſe
to gouerne this my age?
My dame I was bereft in youth,
my father waged warre:
And though they both did liue, yet I
from them was kept a farre.
Not I to thee in tender yeares,
nor Cradell clowtes did crie
Deare mother mine: nor from my lippes
the liſping wordes did flie.
Ne did I with my pliant armes,
thy ſeemely neck enfolde:
Nor thou vpon thy loving lap
thy babling Brat didſt holde.
No carke of clothing me, ne care
did pierce thy penſiue breſt:
Ne didſt thou cauſe a marrige bed
for Bridewife to be dreſt.

But when thou didst returne againe
(the troth I not denie)
I met thée, but my Mothers face
I coulde not then descrie.
But for thy beautie did surpasse,
for Helen thée I toke:
And thou didst make enquirie then,
and for thy daughter loke:
Good hap in one respect I had,
that Oreste was my Make:
But he vnlesse he fight it out
Hermion must forsake.
Yée Pyrrhus as a Vassell kéepes
though *Victor* be my Sire:
This goodly guerdon haue I gainde
for Troie burnt with fire.
When golden Titan ginnes to guilde
his glistring steades by day,
Then I (vnhappie wenche) some ease
of pensiue paine assay.
No soner blackfasse night doth growe,
in howling sort I hie.
Vnto my cankred carefull couche
appointed there to lie.
In place of swéete and slumbring sléepe
mine eies with teares doe floe:
And from the man in all posse hasse
I flée as from a foe.

Oft times miſhaps doe make me muſe,
vnmindefull of my caſe
I touch with hand prowde Pyrrhus parts
vnwitting of the place.
I leaue to touch the man as ſone
as euer I know the fact:
And thinke my handes polluted ſtraight
with ſuch a ſhamefull act.
Oft times for Neoptolems name
Oreſtes doe I call:
And loue the errour of my tongue,
right well content withall
I ſweare by this vnluckie lyne
and Lord of all the race,
That lande and ſeas, yea haughtie ſkies
afrayes with frowning face:
And by the bones of him that was
mine Vncle and thy Sire:
Who owes thée for reuenge of thoſe
that did his death conſpire:
Or I will in theſe flowing yeares
abandon lothſome life:
Or I (that came of Tantals brode)
will be Oreſtes wife.

¶ The Argument of the *ix. Epistle, entituled*

Deianeira to Hercules.

THe heauie stepdame Iuno by hir fraude
And friende Eurystheus, purposde to destroy
Alcydes: for the Prince of Mycene lande
Stirrde him to conquer monsters. But with laude
And life he scapte away, nor had annoy
By any beast the Champion tooke in hande:
Bulles, Dragons, Dogges, and Semitaures he slewe,
And aye more greene his gotten glorie grewe
He conquerde all till filthie loue at length
Of King Eurytus daughter made him thrall,
Whose Sire and Countrie he had earst atchiude:
Fled was his force, stint was his stately strength,
To spinne and carde he thought no shame at all,
Nor of his Lyons spoyle to be depriude:
Which Deianeira hearing by report,
(His louing wife) sent to him in this sort.
Amid whose lines and letters that she wrought
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written heere)
And tydings, that the Shirt the wife had sent
Alcydes bane, and spitefull spoyle had brought.
The louing wife had slaine hir manly Feere,
Which she poore siely woman neuer ment.
But to requite hir husbands death with paine,
At point to hang hir selfe thus gan she plaine.

The.ix.Epistle.

Deianeira to Hercules.

QEchalia to be wonne
I ioy to heare the fame:
It grieues me that the Victor should
haue yéelded to the samé.
Report was brought of late
to Grecia that agrées
Full yll with any fact of thine
the tales we hearde were these,
That whome not Iuno coulde
nor dreadfull trauayles foyle,
The selfesame man had Iole made
in seruage yoke to toyle.
Eurystheus woulde it so,
and Iuno passing faine
Woulde learne that thou with such a crime
thy former fasts would staine.
What? t'was not thou I trowe
that coulde not be conceyude.
In one whole night? I thinke herein
my selfe to be deceyude.
Wore domage Venus doth
than Iuno earst to thée
This rayse thée vp by spitefull hate,
she makes thée bende I sée.

Behold the woꝛld by thée
that liues at quiet eaſe,
As wyde as watrie Nereus gyꝛdes
the ground with frothie ſeas.
The greater part of earth,
and all the flods as farre
As both Apollos lodges reach
to thée indebted are.
The ſkies thou haſt ſuſtainde
that ſhall thy carkaſſe beare:
And Atlas holpe thée at a pinch
when thou to wearie weare.
But what ſaue open ſhame
by theſe thy facts is got:
If thoſe thy valiant feates of armes
with bawdie rule thou blot:
Doe men repoꝛt that thou
(foꝛ Ioue a woꝛthie childe)
In cradle craſht two crawling Snakes:
in faith they are beguilde.
That Babe was better farre
than is this bourely man:
Thou nothing makſte an ende ſo well
as thou thy déedes began.
Whome not a thouſand beaſtes
noꝛ Steneleus atchiude,
Noꝛ Iuno coulde foꝛ all hir ſpite:
hath craftie Cupid giude.

But

But for I am the wife
of Hercules, and hée
My fatherlaw that guides the Skies
and lets the thunder flée:
I am surmisde a happie Dame
and maried well to bée.
How yll vnegall Steares
in painefull Plough accorde:
So yll a simple woman matcht
with such a stately Lorde.
No honour commes thereby
but burthen and debate.
Who so wilt well be wedded, wed
with one of thine estate.
My husband is alack,
my spouse is absent aye:
A straunger better knowne to mée
he dreadfull beastes doth stay.
I in my desert home
doe nought but wishe affright,
And sore tormented least my spouse
be spoylde of foes in fight
And the Serpents I
and grédie Lyons pawes,
And tusked Boares am tost, in feare
I stand of gaping iawes:
Of Dogs, that with their téeth from bones
will rent thy flesh by flawes.

And me debowled beastes,
And ydle dreames of night,
With griesly pictures of the dead
doe make me sore afright.
For fleeting fame I hunt
and rumors rashly spred:
By doubtfull hope is feare exilde,
and hope by feare is fled.
Thy Mother is alack,
and greeuously doth grutch
That to haue likte the mightie Ioue
hir destinie was such.
Amphitryon is away,
whome men surmisde to beene
Thy Sire: and Hyll the stripling eke
of vs can not be seene.
Eurystheus that doth forge
the cruell Iunos wrath
Is felt of vs: endurde to long
the Goddesse anger hath.
But these are trifles, oh,
thou addest forraine loue:
And eche may be a Mother made
by thee that list to proue.
I spare to speake as nowe
of Auge whome ere while,
(Alcide) amid Parthenian vales
thou fowly didst defile,

And

And thée (Astydame) I minde
of purpose to concile.
Ne meanes thy wife God wote
Teuthracian trulies to name
(Of whome there scapte not one vntoucht)
to bréede thy farther shame.
A recent crime there is
a fowle yll fauorde iade,
That vnto Lamus mée of late
a mother law hath made.
Meander (that so oft
in one selfe circle ronnes,
And eke rebounding waues againe
vpon his shoulders, shonnes)
Saw when about thy neck
there hong a chaine of golde:
That neck that thought the burthen light
the Welkin to vpholde.
What? didst thou nothing shame
those brawned armes of thine,
With Goldsmiths worke, to glittring Gemmes
and owches brade to bine?
Euen those selfe armes (I say)
the Lions life that reft:
Whose noble spoyle for mantell serues
vpon thy shoulder left?
What? didst thou dare alo
vpon thy curled heare,

(For which a Popple fitter was)
a mytred Hat to weare?
Ne didst thou blushe in guise
of Lydian Lasse to don
A silken Scarfe, and Riband fine
thy bourley waste vpon?
Was Diomede forgot
that cruell Carle then?
That fatted vp his trampling steades
with flesshe of murthred men?
In such a nice attire
if Busyre thée had séene:
No doubt he would haue scornde of thée
yconquerde so to béene.
Let Antæus lose for shame
these iewels from thy throte,
For feare he loth that thou the palme
in wrestling collars gote.
T'is blasted that thou stoodst
of womans threates in awe,
And eake amyd Meonyan Maydes
the twisted twine didst drawe.
What? didst thou nothing shame
that hande with flaxe to foyle,
That had long earst in baliant fight
ygot so many a spoyle?
With thwacking thombs thou drawdst
a very boystrous threéde:

And to thy ſtately Maiſtreſſe yéeldſte
a iuſt accounpt with dzéede.
Yow often whilſte thou ſponne
with fingers nothing fine,
Amid thy crabbed cruſhing handes
hath crackt the twiſted twine:
And ſtanding of the whip
in trembling feare, they ſay
That thou before thy Maiſtreſſe féete
in dzéede of laſhing lay.
And ſpoyles ylayde a part
of gotten pzayſe the pzice,
Thou toldſte thy déedes that ſhould béene the
concealde in any wiſe.
To wit, in cradle how
the crawling Snakes thou, ſlue:
And rent their gaping iawes in two
and did their fozce ſubdue.
And how Tægean Boare
in Erymanthus lyes:
And with his weight doth wzong the ground,
ſo monſtrous is his ſies.
Thou doſt not let to tell
of Diomedes hed
Fixt on his Thzacian gate, his ſtéedes
with fleſh of man that fed.
And of the triple beaſt
Geryon thou didſt boaſt:

That

That for his heird the welthiest was
in all the spanish coast.
And of the hellish hounde,
that Cerberus was height
(Three headed Curre,) whose pate with locks
of Snakes was fowly freight.
The serpent eke, whose woundes
reserude him from the death,
And gashing scotches giuen afresh
infect with bitter breath.
And how Antæus hong
with broken iawes betwyne
The left side) an vlsauourde wight)
and shoulders right behyne.
Ne dost thou then conceale
how Centaurs thou didst chase
(That double shaped were, and darste
not trust their legges in place)
Athwart Thessalian craggie cliffes,
and made them runne apace.
And canst thou clad perdy
in Sidon soft aray,
And womans nyce attyre, for shame
haue any word to say?
Beside the Iardan Nymph
vpon hir shoulders thrue
Thine armour, and did conquer thee
that Monsters didst subdue.

Go now, and prowdely vaunt
thy noble dædes of fame:
A man thou shouldst not bene of right
the best deserude the same.
Than whome so much thou art
inferiour, howe much more
Thou stronger were than such as thou
hadst slaine with hande before.
She hath atchiude the fame
of all thy former dædes:
To hir as to thy lawfull heyre
thy purchasde prayse procædes.
Oh, shame: the shagheard eale
the Lyons ribbes bereft,
Enuironde rownde a womans corps
and to hir carkasse cleft.
Tushe, thou art fowle deceyude,
no Lyons spoyle it is,
But thine, thou slewste the beast, and shé
hath conquerde thée ywis.
A woman bare thy darts
with venom ranck that were
And Hydras beastly bloud imbrude,
in hande that scarce coulde beare
A Distaffe fraught with Flaxe:
thy knarrie club she helde,
And gazing in a shining glasse
thine armour she beheldе.

This

This brute I heard, but gaue
no credit to the same,
But yet from eare some part of griefe
vnto my senses came.
But now before my face
the hatefull Whore doth ride:
Nor I the secrete smart I féele
haue farther powre to hide.
Thou wilt not haue hir gone.
shée passeth through the stréete
A captiue: whome of force we sée.
not as a captiue méete:
With tresses hanging downe
declaring hir estate,
And hidden face to shew that chaunce
hath giuen hir the Mate:
But braue in beaten golde
she passeth to and fro:
As thou ere this in Phrygia were
accustomed to go.
From stately seate she yéeldes
the people such a chéere,
As though Oechalia stode againe
and eke hir father déere
Did liue, and thou (Alcydes) by
Euritus conquerde wére.
Perhaps diuorcement made
twixt Deianeire and thée,

No more thy drabbe this hatefull Whore
but wedded wife shall bée.
Th'abodment makes me feare,
the chillie colde my corse
Doth ouerrunne, my hande doth lye
in bed withouten force.
And me among the reast
as wife with honest zeale
Thou hast pursude: I causde thée twise
with warlike toles to deale.
For Achelous vp
his broken hornes did take
With dréerie chére that lay dispersst,
and hid in durtie Lake
His maymed front and crowne ycrackt
for Deianeiras sake.
The Monster Nessus with
thy deadly dart was slaine,
And with his Horses gorie blood
the waters did disfaine.
But whereto write I this?
for tydings now is brought,
The shirt I gaue my husband hath
his cruell death ywrought.
Aye me, what haue I done?
what forske me this to trie?
O Deianeira, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die?

And

And shall thy noble Fære
in Oeta Mount be rent:
And thou suruiue that were the cause
and wrought that foule intent:
What now remaynes to make
a perfite proofe that I
Was Hercles wife: the truth therein
my dolefull death shall trie.
Thou Meleager in mee
thy sister shalt descrie:
O Deianire, O cursed wench
why dosse thou doubt to die:
O linage of misshap,
O hapless house I say:
My aged Syre Oeneus liues
at poynt of last decay.
Tideus my brother is
a poore exiled squire,
The tother fryde by Mothers meanes
aliue in fatall fire.
My Dame vpon hir corps
the cruell sword did trie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why dosse thou doubt to die:
By gentall rights I craue
this onely thing of thee
Not to surmise this wicked death
of purpose ment by mee.

For

For Nessus stroke with Dart,
declarde me that his blood
Would forcen loue, and said it was
for that exceeding good.
I sent a Shirt to thee
imbrude therewith to trie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why doste thou doubt to die:
Now crooked Sire farewell,
and sister Gorgeadue:
Thou Countrie with my brother cride,
farewell I say to you.
And thou that art so like
to be the latter light
Mine eyes shall see: and Hercules
my spouse (O that thou might)
And little Hyl (my prettie boy)
I bid you all good night.

The Argument of the x. Epistle, entituled Ariadne to Theseus.

ANdrogeus by deceite was done to death
And murthered by the men of Athens towne:
King Minos warrde to wreake his losse of breath,
And brought in fine his sturdie enmies downe,
Seuen Mayden Babes, as many men by yeare
They yeelded vp to make his monster cheare.
By lot they went vntill they came at last
To Theseus, he into the doubtfull denne
(Clept Laberinth) to Minotaur was taste:
But ruthfull Ariadne taught him then
How to destroy the Monster, and to passe
By tracke of twist from Prison where he was.
With Ariadne he, and Phædra scapes.
Ariude at Naxus, Bacchus gaue him charge
To leaue him one of those his goodly rapes
(That Ariadne hight) and let hir large.
When night was come, and she to slumber led,
With Phædra he from Ariadne fled:
The Nymph (when sleepie nap was quite exilde,
And senses came to former force againe,)
Seeing hir selfe so shamefully beguilde,
In wretched wise with teares began to plaine
Requesting ruth, and platly making showe
That he to hir a better boone did owe.

The

The.x.Epistle.

Ariadne to Theseus.

More friendly haue I founde
than thee the brutish kinde:
A worser garde than thou hast beene
I deeme I mought not finde.
Theseus: the lines thou bewste
from that selfe shore I wright:
From whence (forsaking me by meane
of sayle) thou tookste thy flight.
Where mee, my slæpe, and thou
(a wofull wight betrayde:
Thou (out alas) that chose thy stemme
when I to slæpe was layde.
It was the time when sayle
with foggie dealw was dight
But lately saine: and shrewded Fowles
in shadie bushes shright.
Where I were waking then
or slumbring I wote nere:
But out I flong my fist to feele
where Theseus were there.
Alas none such. Backe I dreiwe
my hande: and out againe
I rousde mine armes about the bed,
but (oh) it was in vaine.

The feare all sléepe exilde,
I rose in gastly dred:
And from my widowish couch I fell
and sowle forsaken bed.
Forthwith with ruthlesse handes
I strake my bared brest:
And rent my locks, that hong (as I
abrayde from sléepe) vndrest.
The Mone gaue light, I lokte
to bewe the countrie rounde:
But saue the stronde, and stonie rudge,
was nothing to be founde.
Now hither, thither then
I ranne, and to and fro
I raungde, the sande did lode my legges
I had much worke to go.
Thus whilst about the shore
on Theseus name I crie,
The hollow rocks at erie call
and cleaping did replie.
How oft I called, the place
so often Theseus namde:
As though it would a wofull Wight
hir ayde and succour framde.
There was a mount, whereon
fewe trées aloft did growe:
Which now is wore a hanging rocke
ybret with waues that flowe.

Where

Whereto I clambe, the heart
my limmes doth ſtrengthen ſo:
As rounde about the ſurging ſeas
my wandring eyes I throw.
From thence (for tho the windes
on me did vſe their powre)
I ſaw how with a Southren gale
thy ſtrowting sayles did scowre.
I saw it: or at leaſt
for that I ſo surmiſde,
Wore colde I wore than yſe, and deadly pangues my hart surpriſde.
Whom long to languiſh griefe
would not permit as than:
Abrayde from traunce vpryste to call
on Theſeus I began.
Why? whither fléeſt? (quoth I)
retire vnthriftie wight:
Do turne thy Barck that lacks his lode,
and is not throughly fright.
Loke what my voyce might not,
my plangor did supplie:
And with my wordes I medled ſtrokes,
eche blowe enſude a crie.
Put caſe thou didſt not heare,
yet mightſt thou ſée it plaine:
My handes displayde gave liker ſignes
and tokens of my paine.

Upon a pole I hong
a flittering kerchiffe white:
That might reuoke to minde, that thou
hadst mée forgotten quite.
At length I lost thy sight
then teares gan flush apace:
My chéekes long earst were worn wanne
and flecked was my face.
What should mine eyes haue done
but waylde my wofull plight:
When that they saw they might no more
haue Theseus ship in sight?
Or I with tresses then
depending sole did runne,
Incited by the Ogigian god
as doth the drowsie Nunne:
Or casting eye to sea
did sit vpon a stone,
My selfe as much a rocke, as was
the seate I sate vpon.
Oft times to bed that had
receiude vs both I hast:
The bed which could not yéelde againe
the man that thence was past.
And as (I might) for thée
thy steps I did embrace:
And eke the couch not thoroughly colde
where tyou thy corps didst place.

I laye

I laye me downe, when teares
my deadly chéekes distaine:
And crie, reyéelde account of two
that hast receyued twaine.
Since hither both we came,
why part we not yfeare?
Thou trayterous touch, the chiefest part
make shewe where is it? where?
What might I doe? or sole
why whither should I flée?
Within this Ile ne workes of men
nor toyles of Oxen bée.
The sea enuirons rounde
the lande on euery side:
No shipman here, nor Hulck that dares
on perillous sands to ride.
Put case I had both Mates
and windes with wished sayle:
My Sire debarres me to returne,
what shall the rest preuayle?
Though in a blissfull Barck
through calmed Seas I passe:
Though Æole pease the windes, I shall
be banisht naythelesse.
Not Crete that fostred Ioue
is léefull for to sée:
Wherein of great renowmed fame
a hundreth Cities bée.

For not alone the soyle
where Minos beares the sway,
But eke my Father by my fact
I fowly did betray.
When least thou vanquish, shouldst
in Laborinth haue dide,
I gaue thee with thy skillesse forte
and twine thy steps to guide.
When thou me spakste (by these
my present perils I
Protest that thou shalt aye be mine
till both of vs doe die.)
As yet we both doe liue
and I am not thy Make,
(If women may be sayd to liue
whome periude men forsake)
If with thy Mace, that reft
my brother monsters breath,
Thou me hadst slaine, thy Hest had beue
accomplisht by my death.
Not now to minde alone
my future haps I call,
Which must ensue; but such as to
forsaken wightes doe fall.
Unto my troubled thought
a thousande kindes of death
Resort, which lesse would grieue my ghost,
than this my lingred breath.

Now feare I shagheard Wolues
from euery coste that come:
With gnashing téeth, and ramping pawes
my griefull guttes to nome.
Perhaps the sauage soyle
the Lion browne doth brééde:
Who wottes the ruthlesse Tygres where
this yrkesome yle doth féede:
To that, the seas are sayde
great Whales to cast on lande:
And who (if I with sworde were wrongde)
by me would friendly stande:
Oh let me not be bounde
as Vassell caught in bande:
Ne waste the day at turne and twirk,
or carde with captiue hande:
That Minos haue to Sire
and Pasiphae to Dame:
And (that I chiefly fire in thought)
thy pacted spouse that am.
When I suruey the Seas,
the lande, or stonie sleate:
The grounde doth manace many things,
the waters eke doth threate.
Then onely skies were left
the formes of Gods I feare:
A pray in wilde Desart forlorne
for hungrie beasts to teare.

Though

Though men possesse the spoyle
I giue no trust at all:
For wronged once, the forraines faith
into suspect I call.
O would Androgeus liude,
nor Athens bought so deare
His dolefull death, by yéelding such
a tribute by the yeare.
Ne thou with knottie Mace
hadst done to death the beast
That was a man for vpper parts,
a Bullock for the reast.
O that I ne had giuen
to thée the twisted Clewe,
Whereby the darksome denne to scape,
when thou the Monster slewe,
That thou art *Victor* aye
I nothing muse perdie:
Nor that thou madste the vgly beast
of Creta so to die.
Thy stéelie hart could not
be pierst with hurtfull horne
Thy breast was garded well, thereon
though were none armour borne.
Thou thither flints conueydst,
and Adamant didst beare:
And that which flints doth farre surmount,
a Theseus hadst thou there.

O cruell ſléepes, why did
you tho my limmes detaine?
I ſhould as then with ruthleſſe death
but once for all bene ſlaine.
Ye windes were ſpiteſull eke
and readie (oh) to ſwne:
Ye puffing blaſts to force my teares
yée haue your deuor done.
The hande was cruell that
my brother and me hath ſlaine:
And fayth ygraunted me, that was
a name requirde in vaine.
Sléepe, winde, and gaged troth
did all at once coniure:
One ſtelie Nymph by triple cauſe
was guilde without recure.
Oh that my mothers teares
I dying ſhall not ſée:
Nor any for to cloſe mine eyes
with friendly fiſt will be.
My hapleſſe ghoſt to ſtraunge
and vncouth ſkies will flye:
No louing hande will noynt my limmes
and carkaſſe when I dye.
But for my bones vngraude
the Seafoule fowle will ſtriue:
A worthy Sepulture for one
that well deſerude aliue.

To Athens thou wilt passe,
where in the Citie when
Thou art receyude, and plasse in pryde
amids thy countrie men:
And shalt declare the death
of double shaped beast:
And stonie lodge to doubtfull wayes
that doth so often wreast:
Display how me forlorne
thou leftst in Desart tho,
I must not be forgot, ne seeme
to spoyle thy title so.
Not Ægeus was my sire,
nor Æthra gaue the brest:
Of rocks and waues that thou were bred
may easily be gest.
From ship top would thou mightst
mee miser Wight haue bewde:
My grisly picture would haue forst
thy stonie hart t'haue rewde.
Now not with eye beholde
but in thy minde survay,
Mee clinging to the beaten rocke
which makes the waues to stay.
See how my locks doe hang
in wailefull mourning mode:
Beholde my clothes with teares as moyst
as they were washt in flode.

My carkas quakes as cozne
enfozst with Boreas might:
My trembling fist the letters marres
as I my lines doe wzight.
By no desert of mine
(foz that it framde alwzie)
I sue to thée: let not my factes
deserue such thankes perdie:
Ne griefull paines pzocure,
foz though thy liuely bzeath
I ne did saue: yet hast thou no
iust cause to haste my death.
These fainting fistes with beating of my bzeast a good,
I (wofull wzetch) extende to thée
through ouerwandzing flood.
These locks (which yet are left)
in dolefull wise I showe:
And by these teares I pzay, which teares
thy facts enfozce to flowe:
(God Theseu) turne thy ship
with wzested winde retourne:
Though ere thou come I die, yet of
the bones thou shalt be sure.

The Argument of the xj. Epistle, entituled Canace to Macharеus.

KIng Æols sonne Macharеus fell in lowe
With Canace beyonde the boundes of kinde,
To bed this beastly broode are gone to proue:
Vnlawfull lusts delight, natures refinde:
She naytheless sowly begot with childe
Was brought a bed, a signe she was defilde.

The Nurse conuayde the Babe, who at the doore
Exclamde: The Grandsire heard the yelling sounde,
And found the filthie fact, he made no more
A doe, but sent the Babe in blankets bounde
Into the fieldes; of Rauens to be rent,
Or hungrie Dogs, or wandring Woolues be ment.

Beside, a sworde to Canace he sendes,
By cursed death to ende hir beastly life:
To worke hir fathers will the wench entendes,
But ere she felt the force of fathers knife,
To Macharеus (to Delphos that was gone
For succours sake) thus gan she make hir mone.

The.xj.Epistle.

Canace to Machareus.

If any blots doe blinde, or blurre my lynes,
The murther of their Maistresse makes ẏ same
My right hand holdes the pen, the left a sworde,
And in my carefull lap the Paper lies.
Of Canace such is the griesly forme,
Whilst to hir brother she deuisde to write:
For so I may suffice my wrathfull Syre.
Oh, that him selfe were here a gazer on
His daughters death: Oh, that the Author sawe
With present eye, the thing he gaue in charge
So ruthlesse he, and passing farre in rage
His whirling Southren blastes, that he with drie
And teareles checks my gaping woūds wold vew
Tis much (in faith) with raging windes to liue,
Unto his peoples kinde his nature grees,
A Ruler fitte for such a ruthlesse race.
He checks the Southren winde, and Zephyrus,
With Northren Aquilo he keepes a coyle,
And (Euros eke) thy stubborne wings he rules.
He maisters all the windes, not swelling wrath,
Unto his dice, his conquerde kingdome yeeldes.
What now auayles by Grandfires to the skies
Adūaunst to be? With Ioue to be allyde?
If naythelesse in womanish hande I holde

Unsitting tooles the sworde, a scathfull gift:
(O Machareu) the day that vs conioynde
After my death one houre should haue be falne,
A brother why, more than a brother ought,
Imbrast thou mée: and why to thée was I
More than a sister to hir brother shoulde?
Eke I was toucht with loue, and I wote nere
What God it was that set my hart in flame.
My colour quite was fled, my carkas leane
And bare became, my mouth refusde to féede.
Full harde by sléepe I came, eche night a yeare
Did séeme, I gronde, and had no hurt at all:
Ne could account my selfe why so I did,
Ne knewe what loue did meane, and yet did loue.
My Nurse with aged minde perceiude it first,
And saide at first, I was with loue attachte.
Whereat I blusht, and cast mine eyes to ground,
And whist, which tokens were of guiltie minde.
At length my growing wombe began to stroute,
And wͤ his weight my weakened limmes opprest
But then, what herbe or drench was to be found,
That she ne brought, and boldly did applie?
To fine (which onely prancke thou neuer wiste)
My venter might of burthen be releast,
That wore so fast within my growing guttes?
But (oh) the infant was so ripe, and stacke
So nere my ribbes, as it was safe from scathe.
When Phoebus sister ninthly woxen was,

And

And téth Wyne gan to chaſe hir lightſome ſtedes:
I wiſt not what procurde my ſodaine throwes,
A ſkylleſſe wight (God wote) to beare a childe.
No longer I from crying coulde refrayne,
Or holde my peace. What will you ſo vnfolde
(O Beldam Nurſe) ỹ crime? & ſtopt my mouth.
What might I miſerdoe? griefe forſt me grunt,
But feare and ſhame, and Beldam it forbode.
Then dolor I repreſt, and bttered wordes
Reuokte, and was enforſte to drinke my teares.
Death ſtode before my face, Lucina quite
Denyde to helpe: and death it ſelfe had bene
A monſtruous crime, if I as then had dyde.
When thou, with garments rent and tozen locks
Relieued with thy breaſt my dying limmes,
And ſaydſt. O ſiſter liue, liue ſiſter deare,
Ne in one corſe deſtroy thou bodies twayne:
Let hope reduce thy force, that brothers ſpouſe
Shalt be, and wife to him by whom thou art
A mother made. In faith I was reuiude
At thoſe thy chéerefull words that lay aſtraught,
And was releaſt of griefe and guilt at once,
Why doſſe thou ſo reioyce? King Æole ſits
Amid his ſtately Hawle, my fathers eyes
Muſt neuer ſée this filthy fact of mine.
The buſie carefull Nurſe with fillets fine
The Infant hid, and boughes of Olíue white:
A ſacrifice ſhe fayndе and prayde apace.

My Father and all the people gaue hir way,
And licenst hir with fained rites to passe.
When she to thresholde came, the yelling crie
And clamor of the Babe the Father heard:
And so the sely childe it selfe bewrayde.
The Infant all inragde, Æolus raught,
And with his furious fitch the Pallace fillde,
The falsed sacrifice reuealing quite.
Euen as the Sea doth shake & trembling quappe,
When with a gentle gale it is enforst,
Or as the Ashe with Southren wind doth wagge
So mightst thou see my bloudles members shake
Who lay as then ystraught vpon my bed.
He rushing in, and with an open crie
Discloside my fault, and from my Misers face
His ruthlesse handes with much a doe withheldc,
I blushing, nought, saue flushing teares gan shed,
With quaking feare my trẽbling tõgue was tide,
He gaue in charge the Babe, (his nephew) should
To dogs and rauening foule in fieldes be flong.
The childe exclamde, as though he had conceyude
The Grandsires minde, to whom he sude for ruth
With voyce, as he the sely Miser coulde
What heart had I then (Brother) to your domme:
(You may my case conjecture by your owne)
When fore my face into the desert greue,
My cruell foe, in hande my bowels bare,
Of Mountaine Wolues to be in quarters tore:

But

But out at length he from my lodge diuertes.
Then beate I on my breast with balefull strokes,
And with dispitious nayles I rent my face.
Meanewhile wō mournfull chéere frō Æole comes
In message one, that thus bespake me tho.
Æole (My Lorde) to thée this sworde hath sent,
(And therewith take it me) and biddes thée knowe
By thy desert and merit what it meanes.
I wote and will this sworde with courage vse,
Stabbing my fathers gift into my breast.
O thou that gauste me life, with such rewardes
My marrige dooste thou minde for to enrich?
O father, shall thy daughter thus be dowde?
Hymen deceyude, doe way thy bridall bandes,
And flée this wicked lodge with troubled foote.
On me, ye swarth Erinnyes, fling the flames
You beare, therewith to make my burtall blase.
O happie sisters, lincke with better lucke
But aye my fact in mindefull breast retayne.
Alas, what hath the tiely Babe deserude,
So lately brought to light and lothsome Skies?
What fact of his ỹ Grandsires wrath might stir?
Let him be thought to haue deserude the same,
If so he could deserue. But (out alas)
His Mothers guilt the Wiser Infant byes.
O sonne thy mothers dole, the pray of beasts,
O thou the day of byrth thy Dame bereft,
O childe of hapelesse loue, the piteous pledge,

This day the first, and this shall be thy last
Ne lawfull was for me with yolded teares
To bath thy corps: nor on thy graue to cast
My clipped locks, and tresses cut thereto.
Ne lay I on thy limmes, ne from thy mouth
The chilly kisse I caught and latter breath.
But greédie beasts my rapted bowels rent.
And I by lurching wound the infants ghost
And shadow will pursue: ne will be sayde
A mother long, or voyde of Babe to be,
But thou (whom all in vaine, and all for naught
Thy wretched sister hopte) the scattred bones
Collect in fielde of thy yong Sonne and mine,
And bring them to their Dame, & place thé there,
Let one selfe vrne our bodies both containe.
Remember me, and bach my Verse with teares:
Ne feare the corps of hir that lowde thée well.
I craue thée to fulfill thy sisters Vestes.
A Writer most of all: and I will séeke
My cruell fathers will to put in vre.
Thy dying wife and sister sayes adewe.

The Argument of the xij. Epiſtle, entituled Medea to Iaſon.

IAſon in youthfull yeares to Colchos came,
And with the Fleeſe he filſht away a mayde
Medea cleapt, and gan his voyage frame
To Theſſalie, where once arriude he ſtayde,
The feeble Æſon ſhe reducde agayne
By ſolemne charme to luſtie youthfull age,
With freſher blood enſtuffing euery vaine.
She made him yong to ſight that earſt was ſage.

King Pelias daughters deare ſhe did perſwade
(A monſtrous acte) to kill their aged Sire,
In hope ſhe woulde the Prince a princox made:
Which they poore ſiely Maydes did moſt deſire.

With other fowler factes, which when ſhe had
For Iaſons loue (as ſhe reported) donne,
He ſhooke hir off, which made Medea mad,
And cauſde hir write theſe lines to Æſons ſonne:
She ſight, ſhe ſude, ſhe ſobde, ſhe manaſt eeke
To be reuengde vpon the guilefull Greeke.

The.xij. Epistle.

Medea to Iason

I Minde it yet how I of Colchos Quéene
Applide to thée, when ỹ my succor craude
That I by Arte wold gard thée frō annoy
The sisters tho, the mortall twist dispene
Their flaxen web shoulde haue vnfolden quite:
Then might I Medea well haue lost my breath,
From that my lingred life is but a paine.
Aye me. Why euer forst with youthfull armes
Came Iasons ship to fet the Phrygian Fléese:
And Colchos why Magnetian Arge arriude:
And Grékish route of Phasian flood did drinke:
Why more than néeded I thy golden locks
Did like: thy featurde shape, and glosing tongue:
Ik once (for that a forraine ship to shore
At Colchos came, & brought vndaunted wightes
And dreadlesse men to lande) Iason vnwares,
Not Phisickt first, had runne to breathed flames,
And poynant hornes of fell and yrefull Bulles,
Or sowne the séede and had as many foes,
And Tilman had of tillage so bene slayne:
How much deceite (vnthrift) with thée had dide:
And I of how much wo acquited bene:
It is some pleasure to vnthankfull wightes,
For to obiect the good forepassed turnes.

That

That I will vse of thée, that onely ioy
And solace I will gaine, thou faithlesse man.
Thou hauing charge at Colchos to arriue,
In vncouth Hulke my wealthfull kingdome, and
My countrie camste vnto, where I was then
The same that here thy nouell spouse is déemde
My Father was as rich as is hir Syre.
He Ephiren with double sea possest,
In frostie Scythia tother gouernde all,
As farre as Pontus lefter side doth lie.
Oeta tooke the youthfull Gréekes to guestes,
With him, you men of Thessale did soiourne,
Then saw I thée, and gan to know thy name:
That season brought my minde to ruine first,
I both did sée and perisht eke, inflamde
With fire vnknowne, & fride wͤ straungie gleade,
As fore the Aultars burnes the torch of Pyne.
Both featurde well thou were and fates me drue,
Thine eyes my dazeled lights did rauish quite:
Which quickly thou discridste. For who may well
Kéepe loue in mewe, that no man it discerne?
Aye flame it selfe by casting light, bewrayes.
Meanewhile ẏ king cōmaunds, & giues in charge
The Bulles with brawned necks to bring to yoke.
Mauors his bulles there were dreadfull for horne,
Not sole, but breathing out a gastfull flash:
Whose houes were brasse compact, their noses set
With gads of stéele, which black wͤ breathing lookt.

Moreouer in open fieldes to caſt the ſéde
Engendring men that were commaunded tho,
Which would aſſaile thée wt their late born darts,
A thankleſſe crop for him that tilde the ſoyle.
The waker Dragons eyes that neuer ſlept
To guile, of all thy trauels was the laſt.
Thus ſpake Oetes, vp in gaſtfull dréde,
Ye roſe eche one, and from the Table ſtart.
How farre from thée was then Creuſas dowre:
And raigne in iointure giuen: thy Fatherlaw
How farre: and mighty Creons daughter deare:
Away thou wentſt diſmayde with vapord eyen
Whome I purſude, and ſoftly bid adue.
As ſoone as wonted I to Cabbin came
Where lay my couch: I ſpent the night in teares.
Before mine eyes the balefull Bullocks ſtode,
The curſed ſéde, the watchfull Dragon eke:
Here feare & quiuering dréed, there loue did ſtand,
The feare it ſelfe my loue to more increaſt
In dawning to my lodge my ſiſter came,
Where me with borne treſſe, and lying grouke
Upon my face, beſprent with teares ſhe founde
She craude my helpe for men of Theſſalie:
What ſhe requirde, that I to Iaſon gaue.
There ſtands a groue wt Béech & houlme ſo black
As ſcarce Apollos rayes may pierce the ſame:
There is in that (or tho at leaſt there was)
Dianas Church, the Goddeſſe ſtanding there,

With

With barbarous hande yframde of massie golde.
Minde you? or is the place with me forgot?
Thither we came yfeare, with ruthlesse tongue
And guilefull mouth when ỹ didst bourd me thus.
To thée hath fortune right and powre assignde
Of life and dreadfull death: within thy hand
(By hir appoynted lore) my state doth stay.
Sufficeth powre to spoyle, if any take
Therein delight: but I reserude from scath
Shall make thy former prayse and glorie growe,
And blast thy brute in Trumpe of endlesse fame.
But my sinister haps (which lies in thée
For to redresse) and by thy noble race,
And Grandsire, that all mortall things suruayes:
And by the triple forme of Dian, and
Hir priuie sacred rites, this countrie Gods,
(If any here within this soyle doe rayne)
Rue on my Mates and mée, O (Quéene) I pray:
And oblige me vnto thée by this bone,
And so a Grecian ihou not sée me to scorne,
(But how might I the Gods so friendly finde?)
Sooner my soule to weightlesse ayre shall waste,
Than any (saue your grace) with me be linckt
In spousall bande, and bridely knot be tyde.
Let Iuno witnesse be, that hath in charge
The marrige rites: that holy Goddesse tw
Within whose Marble Church we stoden now.
These, or the least of these, a sicly Nymph

Might

Myght moue to ruth: our hands were ioyned eke.
I saw thy trickling teares. Where part of guile
In them doth lurck: so I was quickly wonne,
And soone entrapt with thy dissembling tongue.
Thou broughtst to yoke the brasen footed Bulles
Unhurt of flame, and brakste the bidden soyle
With pointed plough: whereon in steede of graine
The Serpents teeth ỹ stongst, wherof there sprong
A troupe of Souldyers sterne, wꝫ sworde & shielde:
That I who gaue thee oyntment stode in dreade,
To see the sodaine brode with armour clad:
Till time the earthly brothers, twirt themselues
To ciuill combat fell, and fought yfeare,
A griesly sight, and wofull thing to tell,
Behold, the waker Serpeat hissing came
With crackling scales, & with his bending breast
Did swepe ỹ soyle. Thē where was dewe beclōc:
Then where thy Princely spouse: & Isthmos that
The double Sea deuides, and cuttes his course:
Euen I, that now so barbarous am become
To thée, (a poore and hurtfull person thought)
With forced slepe, the Serpents eyes did fede,
That safely thou mightst reue the golden Fléece.
My Father I betrayde, my natiue soyle,
And kingdome I forsoke: and got the gift
Which in exile a woman may attaine.
My chastice was a wandring Rouers pray:
My sister and my louing Dame I left.

But

But thée (O brother) I me left behinde
At time of flight: my letter in this one
Place ginnes to faint, the thing my vētrous hand
Did dare to doe, it dares not to recorde:
So I (but euen with thée) should haue bene rent
Yet drad I not (for what should me appall
As then a woman, and a guiltie wight)
My cursed corps to surging seas to gage?
Where are those gods? wher those celestial states
On vs amid the gulfe deserued plagues
And torments sende: on thée for thy deceyte,
On me for that I gaue such credite light.
O that the ruthlesse rocks, Symphlegads, had
Our limmes surprisde, and rent our bodies so
As might my bones vnto thy carkasse clong:
Or cruell Scylla sent vs to hir whelpes
And Dogs to bene deuourde: for Scylla ought
Ungratefull wights to plague, & pray with paine,
Charibdis eke that belks the swallowde waues
O that it had vnder Sicilian surge
Our yrkesome corses cast, & whelmde in goulfe.
Safe thou, and *Victor* to Æmonia comste,
And to the Gods presentst the golden Flæse
What should I Pelias daughters name, that did
A guilt to pittie moude? who rent with hand
Their aged fathers bones? though other blame
Medea, yet thou hast cause to like hir well,
For whome I haue so often done amisse.

Thou

Thou didst not shame (O that I wordes doe want
To shewe my full complaint) thou didst not shame
To say: from Æsons house dislodge in haste,
Commaunded I departed, followde with
Mine Infants two, and loue of thee, that aye
Pursues my track, and followes where I go.
Unto mine eares as sone as Hymen came,
Carolde aloude, and kindeled Torches shone
With Bauen blase, & Shaulme began to sounde
Ditties of loue, ioyfull to thée, but more
Dolefull to me than is the Trumpets clang:
Affright I wore, suspecting no such yll,
Ne yet so foule offence: but naptheless
Through all my breast the frostie cold did runne.
A route of people ran, and Hymen cryde,
Repeating oft the same: how much the voyce
More neare approcht, the more increast my wo.
My seruants sobde, and couertly did mourne
Who gladly would so great an euill report?
And me auayling more had bene, what so
It were, not to haue knowne. Yet sad and trist
I wore, as though I had the truth descride.
When of my Boyes the lesser, for desire
To sée tofore the dore at Wicket stode.
Oh Mother mine (quoth he) forgo the place,
With iolly pompe my father Iason commes.
And glittring twixt two chained chiuals rydes.
I out of hand (my vesture rent abrode)

Did

Did plague my brest wᵗ blowes, wᵗ nailes my face,
My minde perswaded me amids the throng
And thickest presse to runne, the garlands gay
From trelles smoothly trimde in rage to pull.
I hardly me withheld from crying out
(As I dishelued was) t'is mine: and scarce
From laying handes thereon I tho abstaynde.
O wronged Syre reioyce: ye men of Colche
Be glad: and of my brothers ghost receiue
Th'infesits. My countrie, house, & kingdome loss,
My spouse in steede of all that stode to me,
I rest refusde, and vtterly forlorne.
Serpents I did subdue, and furious Bulles,
One man to daunt vnable or to taine.
And I that raging fire by Arte repelde,
Can by no skyll my walking flame eschue
Inchauntments, herbes, and soceries failen now,
The Goddesse nought or mightie Hecate
Preuayles or helpes Medea in nedefull time.
Not pleasant is to me the day, the nights
(That bitter are) I wake: no gentle slæpe
Doth daint to lodge in lamentable breast.
I, that my limmes to slumber can not force,
Was able well the Dragons eyes to close.
Other my Artes, than me, doe more auayle
The corps that I preserude a strumpet straynes
With folded armes and of my paynes haue fruite
And thou perhaps whilst to thy fonded spouse.

Dost

Dost braue, hir eares desirous to content,
Against my face and maners new found crimes
Dost forge. Well may she laugh at these defaults
Of mine: well let hir laugh in stately seate
With purple Robe attyre: the time will come
That she shall mourne, and wéepe againe as fast
And farre surmoũt these hidde scortching flames.
Whilst yron, fire, or poyson may be found,
No foe of Medeas shall vnwroken wo.
If so by hap my prayers be of powre
To touch thy stéely hart, now lende an eare
To wordes that are inferiour to my minde.
For I to thée in humble sort doe sue,
To me as thou full oft hast done of yore,
Ne prone to lie before thy fæte refuse.
If me thou set so light, yet haue remorse
Of those our Babes, that common are to both.
A cruell stepdame will my children wrath.
And rigorously entreate in ruthlesse sort:
And they too much resemble thée, that are
Trapt by thy forme, whose image moues me sore
And whome how oft I sée: so oft my face
And moisted chéekes with teares are all bedewde.
By Gods I make request, by flaming light
My Grandsire giues, and by my earned bone,
And by thy Babes (the pawnes of perfite loue)
Reyéelde the bridely bed, for which I shonde
So many things: accomplish thy behest,

And

And doe with ayde thy Myser spouse relieue.
Gainst men, or bulles, of thée no ayde I craue,
Ne that thou shouldst ỳ watchful Dragon drench,
And force him yéelde his daunted eyes to sléepe:
But thée (that art mine owne infeft) I craue,
That by thy fact hast me a mother made.
Demaundste thou for my dowre? in ỳ selfe fielde
(That was to eare for golden fléese) it lay.
That very fléese of Golde, my ioynture was,
Which if I should reclaime, thou wouldst debarre
Thy selfe preserude my dowre: the Gréekish youth
My ioynture was, therewith the welth compare
Of Creons darling, iudge the price of both.
That thou dost liue and art a wifebound man,
Linckt with a spouse, and hast a fatherlaw,
And that thou canst now shew thy selfe vnkinde:
To me impute it, whence the guerdon came.
Whome I will out of hande. But to foretell
The paynes what wil auayle? Ay swelling wrath
Is full of threates, disclosing secret thought.
Euen whither ye shall leade, I will ensue.
And then perhaps he shall repent his déede,
As I lament, I gaue a faithlesse man
Such credit, and beléeude the wordes he spake
That God discerne the same, which stirs my brest
I ne wote what greater thing my heart intendes.

The

¶ The Argument of the xiij. Epistle, entituled Laodameia to Protesilaus.

With fourtie sayle when Protesilaus *went*
To Troie *warde, to fight for* Helens *rape*
The tempest so withstoode the Greekes intent,
As they from out port Aulide *coulde not scape.*

When flickring fame this brute had blasted wide,
His louing wife Laodameia *wrought*
Him thus, she shewes hir dreames, she willes beside
That he the Prophets wordes should print in thought.

Whose aunswere was, that who so leapt to lande
First of the Greekes when they to Troie *came,*
Should die the death, t'was booteles se to withstand,
For why the Gods appoynted had the same.

Henaytheles se for all his spouses wordes.
(Couragious Lad) first leapt from ship to shore,
And for his paine, was done to death with sworde,
As had the Oracle pronounst before,
This was the cause Laodameia *pende*
These lines, this made the wife this Pistle sende.

The.xiij.Epistle.

Laodameia to Protesilaus.

THEmonian Laodameia sendeth health,
And greeting to Protesilaus hir spouse:
And wisheth it, where he soiournes to stay.
Report hath spred in Aulide that you lye
In rode, by meane of fearce and froward gale.
Ah, whē thou me forsookste, where was the wind?
Thā broiling seas thine Dares shold haue wōnd
That was a sitting time for wrathfull waues.
Yo kisses with a greater charge, I would
Unto my spouse haue giuen, and parled more.
But hedlong hence thou wentst, and wished wind
Of Seamen not of me, thy sayles allurde:
That gale was meete for Mariners, vnfit
For those that loue. O spouse and Fere elect
To sone I was thy clasping armes bereft.
Unperfite were the wordes, my foltring tongue
Pronounste, scarce could it speake and bid adue.
Then Boreas blewe and bore thy sayles away,
And ỹ (O spouse) were quickly hence conuayde.
It did me good (as long as lawfull was)
To gase vpon thy face, and with mine eyes
At parture to beholde thy countenaunce.
When thou were out of sight, I saw thy sayles,
Thy sayles, that long my staring eyes detainde.

When neyther thée at last nor sayles I sawe,
And nought saue waltring waues was to be sene;
With thée my eyesight fled, and bloodlesse all
(With darkesome clowde beset) I fell to ground,
My faynting knées refuse to beare the corps.
Whome Iphyclus my fatherlawe, nor olde
Acastus lod with yeares, ne mother scarce
With water cold, from swowning might reduce.
A charitable déede they wrought, to mée
Gaineleſſe, I loth that I ne tho had dyed.
Euen with remembrance, griefe renude agayne,
And loyall lone did gripe my chaſtfull breast.
No care had I as then my tresse to trim,
Ne yet with curious robes my limmes to wrappe
As they with leauie thirse whom Bacchus beates:
So to and fro, as furie forst I ranne;
Phylacian Matrones came to me, and cryde,
Laodamie, doe on thy braueſt wéedes.
Shall I in purple Robe and Silkes be clad,
And he wage warre vnder the walles of Troie?
Shall I go kembe my tresse, and he an Helme
Upon his head sustaine: fresh garments shoulde
I weare, and he his clattring Armour welde:
As neere as euer I may, thy trauels I
Resemble will with dowle: and during time
Thou art in siege, will leade a dismoll life.
Duke Paris, Priams sonne (whose beautie bred
The scath of thine) I wish thou mayst as slow

An

An enmie be, as yll thou were a guest.
Oh that or thou distliked hadst the face
Of yong Atrides spouse, or she thy porte.
Thou Grécke, that for thy rapted wife to great
A strife dost stirre, and ouermuch dost toyle:
(Aye me) dolefull reuenge to many wilt
In future time, and wailefull wreake procure.
Yée Gods I pray for vs th'abodement fell
Remoue, and graunt that my reuerted Fére
In Temple may to Ioue his armour yélde.
But sore I dreade, and loke how oft I minde
The lamentable warre, and fearefull fight,
Teares from my chékes as thawed snow do tril.
Ide, Tenedos, Xanthus, and Ilion
With Symois, are gastly names to tell.
Ne would the guest presumde or bene so bolde
Away to haue a Grékish Feme purloynde,
Unlesse he had by powre and strength of hande
Bene able to maintayne, and beare it out.
His puissant force to him was not vnknowne.
He came reported, all betrapt with Golde,
And Troian wealth vpon his bodie bare:
With men and armour storde, the ayds of warre.
And who with all his countrie strength at once
And Princely power to forraine landes doth go.
These Helen (I surmise) did thée attach,
And banquished, which may the Grékes annoy.
Of Hector I adrad, I know not whome,

But Hector (by report of Paris) fightes
With bloudie hand, & deales with deadly sworde.
That Hector, that beware, what so he be,
If any loue of me as yet be left,
His graued name in mindefull brest ensculpe,
Him when thou hast escapte avoyde the reast:
And many Hectors there surmise to be.
And say (when thou art euen at poynt to fight)
Laodamie my spouse did bid me spare.
If lawfull be that Grækes shall conquere Troie
And Ilion by forted lotte subdue:
Without thy woundes let it to ruine runne.
Let Menelaus martch against his foes,
And Paris spoyle of that which Paris reft.
Let him amid the prease of enmies throunge,
And winne in armes, whome he in cause subdues.
The husband ought the wife to rescue, yea
Though she were plaste amid a troupe of foes,
Thy cause is farre vnlike, contende for life,
And harmeleste to escape, and onely to
The Ladyes lap in safetie to retire.
Yee Dardanes, of so many spare me one,
Ne from his corps enforce my bloud to flush
He is not one whome may be seeme to fight.
Or to his martiall foe his breast to gage.
He better may that fightes for hearty zeale,
Let others flash, let Protesilaus loue.
Him I confesse I would withhelde at home,

My tongue for feare of yll abodement stack.
When from thy fathers house to Troie warde
Thou wentst, thy foote at threshold stumbled tho.
Which when I sawe, in silence mourning sayde,
Graunt Gods that this protende a good returne
Now doe I this display, for thou in armes
Too ventrous shouldst not be: procure that this
My feare to vaine and vacand windes may turne
And fort (I wote not whome) appoynted hath
To vndeserued fate, that first of Grækes
With forward foote shall touch the Troian soile.
O cursed Feme, that first shall wayle the losse
Of hir adempted feare. I craue the Gods
Thou shew not then thy selfe excessiue stout.
Of thousand shippes let thine the latter be,
And last of all the sundred waues deuide,
(And this for warning take) go last on land.
'Tis not thy natiue soyle thou flittest to,
At thy returne let sayle and Dare be plyde,
And haste thy Barck to thy well knowne shore.
Where Phœbus lurke, or else doe shine aloft,
Both day and night thou brædste my griefull wo.
But most by night, for that a season is
To women that with clinching armes imbrace
Their louers limmes of sugred sport and ioy.
For falsed sleepes I hunt in carefull Couch,
Fæding on false delights, for want of true.
But why to me thy Image pale appæres:

And from thy mouth why such cõplaint procéds:
Enforst to watch, the yrkesome gostes of night
And visions I adoze: no Aultare through
All Thessale my fuming smoke doth lacke.
Incense I yelde with intermedled teares,
Which mingde doe surge as wine yeast in flame,
When I with grædie armes, shall thée retournde
Imbracing lie, and senceleſſe ware for ioy:
When lodgde with me in one self careleſſe couch
Wilt thou the valiant factes of battayle blase:
Which whilst ỹ shalt describe, though I to heare
Shall long, yet will we coll and kisse betwixt.
For killing deckes the tale with better grace,
And stay procures ỹ tongue moze prompt to parle
But when I thinke of Troie, both winde and seas
Returne to minde: and hope by howfull feare
Is vanquisht cleane, and put to sodaine flight.
And that the windes your middle passage barre
Moues me. In spite of waues you minde to passe.
Who to his Countrie would with froward gale,
Against the will of windes shape his returne:
And you from Greece in troublous tẽpeſt trudge.
Unto his towne Neptunus barres your course.
Whither haste you: eche vnto his home retire.
Why, whither go you Græcs: beholde ỹ winds
And coũterthwarting blasts. Some God procurs
(Not sodain chaunce) no doubt, this lingring stay.
What saue a shamefull drabbe and harlot ranckt

By this your warre & battayles brosle ts sought:
Whilst yet you may, and lawfull is your sayles
And fitting Barckes backe to Achaia bende.
But why doe I reuoke: or call thée home:
Let all abodements go. I pray the windes
And calmed waues to further thine intent.
I spite at Troian Dames, that shall surney
The funerals of their feares & wailefull spoyles,
Nor haue their foes farre frō their coūtry bounds
The late betrothed spouse hir selfe will d'on
Hir husbands Helme and harnesse with hir hand.
She will giue armour, and whilste armour thée
Doth giue a (gratefull thing to both) will kisse,
And fellow forth hir spouse, with charge to make
Retyre, and say (to loue thy weapons bowe)
Reseruing he his recent charge in minde,
Will warely fight, and cast an eye to home:
She at returne will lose hir spouses Helme,
And doe his Targe away, his wearie limmes
Relieuing with hir ayde as best she may.
We doubtfull in suspence, and dreade doe stande,
Fearing eche thing that may by fortune fall:
Yet whilst in forraine coast thou wagest warre,
Of ware that represents thy face, I haue
A table made: to whome I tell my tale,
And kisse, as I thy corse was wont to coll.
The picture is more than it sæmes to sight.
In sayth allowe the waxen forme a sounde.

And it will be Protesilaus outright:
That I beholde, and in my husbandes steade
Betwix my paps doe place, and frame complaint
Thereto, as though it had the powze to speake.
By thy returne, and cozps (my saints I sweare)
By egall lights of marrige and of minde:
And by thy head (which fright with siluer locks
To fine that I may sée: and that thou mayst
In health reuert) I sweare, that whither thou
Shalt giue in charge, to thée I will repayze
As fellowing Mate, whither thou liue, oz oh,
That moze I dzeade and stand oh, moze appald.
With this pzecept and onely charge I ende,
Respect thy selfe and haue remozse of me:

The Argument of the xiiij. Epistle, entituled

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

TO fiftie daughters Danaus was Syre,
His brother Ægypt had as many sonnes:
Whome he to match did earnestly desire,
With Danaus daughters: he the marrige shunnes,
And reason why: the Oracle had sed
His sonne in lawe should hewen off his hed.

Ægyptus wroth with this his brothers deede
(Of purpose that to Argos went his way
For cause the marrige should not so proceede)
Sent all his sonnes with Souldiers for to stay
Their Vncle: or his daughters at the least
To take to wiues and make a marrige feast.

The siedge was layde and Danaus in fine
Of force compellde for safetie sake to yeelde
His brothers sute although he did repine:
When marrige day approcht, the father willde
His daughters to destroy with cruell knyues
Their husbands, and to reaue their Nephewes lyues.

The day was come eche slue their slumbring Make,
Saue Hypermnestra, that of all the rest

Spared

The Argument.

Spared hir ſpouſe, and warned him to take
His flight: ſuch ruth did lodge in louing breaſt.
According to hir councell ſo he did,
And by that meane himſelfe from daunger rid.

In dawning when the father came, he ſawe
Eche daughter had hir ſleepie huſbande ſlaine,
Saue Hypermneſtra: *whome without en lawe*
He ſent to warde, in priſon hir to paine,
Where being lodgde, theſe lynes to Lynceus *ſhe*
Deuiſde and ſent from Gyues releaſt to be.

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

TO him that of so many brethren lyues,
And sole suruiues, I Hypermnestra sende:
The rest by their wiues guilt were folwly slaine.
I lode with Giues in prison am detainde,
And not aguilting is my cause of scath.
For that my hande to murther not presumde,
I did offence: but so I had done euill
And ruthlesse bene, I semblant praise had wonne.
More lesser I account guilt to sustaine
Than in such sort to pleas myne angry Syre:
Ne loth I handes of murther voyde to haue.
Though me my Syre (whō I ne wrongde at all)
With threatfull flame consumde, or manace with
The fire that present was at sacred rytes,
Or slea with swoorde which shamefully he gaue,
And wife sustaine the death hir husbande should:
Yet shall he not my dying lawes enforce
For to repent, or loth such frēndly ruth.
Let Danaus, and my sisters for their fact
Agrise: This ende such mischiefe aye ensues.
Recounting of that bloudie night doth make
My heart to quake, and sodaine tremor force
My hand to stay from that I thought to write:
She whom they dēemd could haue hir husbād slain

Of

Of murther not committed dréedes to write:
But yet I will assay. With mantle black
When yrkesome shade gan ouerspreade the soile,
And fayling day did yéelde to growing night:
Wée sisters led to Danaus Castle came,
And there Ægypt his daughters entertainde,
Which priuily were armde wͭ wreakeful blades,
On euery side the golden Lampes did shine,
And in vnwilling flames the incense fumde.
The people Hymen cryde, but Hymen fled
The place, and Iuno tho hir towne forewent.
When staggring they with wine, & fellowes cry,
With garlandes fresh about their moysted locks,
To lodgings glad (their buriall places) go,
And on their funerall beddes their corpses cast,
With Wine and slumber now thy loden lay,
And quiet rest throughout all Argos was,
When (to my séeming) rounde about I heard
Of dying men the grunts: which I in déede
Did heare, and as I drad, it fell at last.
My bloud was fled, the heate forsooke my limmes
And in my nouell couch full colde I lay.
As Zephyrus the slender Réedes doth stirre,
And winter ayre doth shake the Popple trée:
Euen so (or more) I quooke: astraught thou layst,
The wine I gaue thée, was to forcen sléepe.
My fathers charge all feare had quite exilde,
I rose, and tooke in trembling hande the sworde.
(I

(I tell but truth) thrise caught I vp the tole,
And thrise from out my reaching fist it fell.
I naytheleſſe enforced by my Syres
Ruthleſſe precept, and wailefull warning giuen,
Vnto thy throte applyde the threatning ſworde.
But feare and pittie my attemptes withſtode:
My ruthfull fist refuſde my fathers charge,
Renting my purple robes and treſſes downe,
In whiſpring wiſe then I thus gan to ſpeake.
Thy father (Hypermneſtra) cruell is
To thee, fulfill his Heſt: a fellow let
Thy huſbande Lynceus to his brothers go.
Ah, I a mayden am by nature and
By age debonaire, ne my and he for warre
And ſlaughter vnfitting is, ſeemely fact.
But what? go to, and while occaſion ſerues,
Thy valiant ſiſters ſue: I deeme by this
They all their Feeres haue ſent to Plutos Court.
Oh, if this hand coulde any murther done,
Vnto my bloud it ſhould an iſſue giuen.
For bearing rule within their vncles raigne,
They not deſerued death, which naytheleſſe
To forraine ſonnes in law ſhoulde bene aſſignde.
Put caſe the men had well deſerude to die:
What haue we miſers done? or how aguilt?
What makes that I ſhould not be ruthfull aye?
Fie? what with cruell ſworde haue I to doe?
What ſhould a Mayd w warlike weapons deale?

My

My handes for turne and twiſt more fitter were.
Thus I, and whiles I plaine, my teares enſude,
And from my face vpon thy carcaſſe fell.
Whilſt me to coll ỹ threwſt thy ſenſeleſſe armes,
The ſword wel nie thine armes had recht a woũd
At length, of Dire, his ſeruants, and the day
Dreading: theſe words to breke thy ſlepe, I ſpake
Lynceus, that of thy brothers ſole doſt liue,
This night (vnleſſe thou haſte) will be thy laſt.
Thou vpriſte affright, and ſléepe abandoned
In trembling fiſt thou ſaweſte the cruell ſworde.
To thée, that tho didſt long to know the cauſe,
Whilſt night will giue thée leaue flée, flée, (q I)
By night thou fledſt, and I remainde behinde,
Aurora roſe, when Danaus gan to coumpt,
And tell the corſes of his murthered ſonnes:
Thou onely of the tale were founde alacke.
That of his nephewes one had ſcapte the death
He tooke in rage, complayning not ynough
Bloudſhed to be: ſuch was his egar thirſt.
I from my fathers fáte was taken ſtreight,
And hauled by the haire, to cruell priſon thruſt:
Of ruthfull pitie ſuch the guerdon was.
Dame Iunos wrath hath euer ſith endurde,
That Io of a Nymphe a Cowe became,
And from a Cowe to Goddeſſe was tranſformde.
Alas, twas paine ynough a ſilly mayde
To lowghe in fieldes, and not hir loue to pleaſe.

But

But lately made a Cowe, hir fathers banckes
She stode vpon, and gazed in the flod
Vpon the hornes, which earst were neuer hirs.
And minding for to speake she lowght a god,
Both of hir forme, and of hir voyce afrayde.
Why Wiser dosse thou flée? why muselt at
Thy selfe in forde, and numbzest so thy fête?
That art to other members now transmude?
Thou, whome dame Iuno had in great suspect,
With boughes, and sedge thy famine dosse cxpell.
Of cloud thou drinkste, and gazest all agast
Vpon thy forme, dreading ỹ hornes thou bearste:
And one, of late so rich as might accoy
The mightie Ioue, lyest bare vpon thy soyle.
By seas, by lands, and cosin flouds thou runst,
Both sea and lande, and lakes doe giue thée way,
Passage both sea and lande, and lakes allow.
What is the cause of slight? why (lō) why
Dosse thou rangle the largie seas about?
Thine owne coũtnance thou mayst not wel auoid.
Why (Iō) whither flées? the thing thou shonste,
Thou followste aye, and dosse by slight pursue.
Thou dosse both leade and follow hir that leades.
Nilus, to sea with seuen folde streame that flowes,
Made hir doe way hir brutish shape at last.
What nœde I name the reast, that aged folke
Recite? my yeares occasion yéelde of plaint.
My Syre and Uncle warre, we sisters we,

Of realme and raigne exilde, are baniſht farre,
Ye cruell, both the ſeate, and Scepter rules,
We nédie rangle with our nédefull Syze.
Of brethren now the leſſer part doth liue.
Whome I (as well the parties done to death
As Authors of the cruell fact) bewayle,
For loke how many brothers I am bereft
So many louing ſiſters loſt I eke.
For eyther part my dolefull teares I ſhead.
Lo, I (cauſe thou doſte liue) ſuſtaine the ſmart
What ſhould I guiltie beare? what tormẽt bide,
That wrongfull paine without deſert endure?
I that was one of hundred allyes earſt,
One brother lyuing Miſer ſhall be ſlaine.
But thou (O Lynceus) if regarde at all
Of ruthfull ſiſter lodge within thy breaſt,
And worthie be, the guerdon I thée gaue:
Or ayde me, or with death foredoe my roze.
And lay my limmes deuoyde of life by ſtealth
In earth, my bones engraue with faithful teares,
And on my Tombe this ſlender title write.

A boone vnfit for ruth, in wrong exile,
The death, that Hypermneſtra *from hir ſpouſe,*
And brother turnde ſhe miſer wight endurde.

Much more in heart yet could I finde to write.
Saue that my hands the clinking chaines do lode,
And gaſtly feare my wonted ſtrength bereues.

The Argument of the xv. Epistle, entituled

Paris to Helen.

Sir Paris gone to Greece
faire Helena to coy,
In Lacedemon landes at length,
receyued like a Roy
At Menelaus house:
the Host to Creta goes
Atreus goodes but lately deade,
in order to dispose.
Whose absence gaue the guest
occasion to bewray
His suite to Helen, whilst (goodman)
hir husband was away.
He shewes his secret love
and what good will he beares,
And to make breach into the Forte
the subtile Souldier sweares.
He bragges of stately stocke,
he vauntes of Princely kinde:
He telles of Dardan dames of Troie,
and more than was to finde.
The Ladie to allure,
his painted sheath he showde:
And in this wise his Peacocks plumes
the Troian spred abrode.

The.xv.Epistle.

Paris to Helen.

THis greeting Paris sendes
to Ledas daughter deare:
Whose helthfull state doth whole depende
vpon thy friendly cheare.
What? shall I speake? or needes
not this my flame be showne?
And more than I could wish to be
is loue already knowne:
More lesser should it lurcke
(if I might haue my will)
Till fortune framde, as seare ne dreade
my gladsome ioyes might spill.
But I to cloake by craft
my loue not know the wayes:
For who can hide the flanckring flame
that still it selfe betrayes?
But if thou loke that I
with worde confirme the deede:
Take this as proufe of hidden hart,
I frie with feruent gleede.
Let him that doth confesse
finde at thy hande such grace:
In reading friendly all the rest,
as fittes thy featurde face.

It made me ioy to heare
my letters were receyude:
Whereof that he shall fauour finde
thy Paris hath conceyude.
Which hope I wish to be
of force, nor thou for nought
Of me through ouerpassed seas
by Venus Heskes be sought.
For least thou witlesse are,
I came vnto this place
By warning of the Gods, and no
small God doth ayde my case.
Great guerdons I demaunde,
but not vndue to mée:
For Venus did compound that I
should fast be linckt with thée.
By hir conduct I from
Sigeus littor came
In Phereclean Barck, and did
by seas my iourney frame.
She gaue me windes at will,
and weather safe to saile:
No marueil if she that was borne
of waues, on seas preuailde.
Let hir persist, and calme
the raging of my breast,
As earst she did the seas: and bring
my bowes to harbors reast.

I brought with me this fire
I found not here my flame:
Which was the cause that hither I
my voiage long did frame.
Not hither Winters stormes
or errour me did driue,
At Tænaris was aye my minde
and purpose to ariue.
Surmise not me with wares
or Marchants Mart to wende
Through fishfull floods: the wealth I haue
immortall Gods defende.
Ne as a gaser I
to Graian Cities came:
For Troian towne (my natiue soyle)
thy Greece would lightly shame.
But thou whom Venus earst
vnto my bed behight,
Didst cause me come, for whom I wight
or ere I knewe the wight.
In minde I bewde thy face
before I sawe with eye:
And brute by flickering fame at first
thy beautie did descrie.
And maruell is it none
if I as one that was
Ystroke a farre with shirlings shaft,
in loue my time doe passe.

For so it pleasde the fates,
which least thou seeke to breake:
Lende eare to such vndoubted truthes
as I intende to speake.
When me within hir wombe
my mother did detaine:
And that the wearie poyse thereof
hir strowting corps did paine:
She seemde by Morpheus meanes
in dasled doubtfull dreame,
To haue as then bene brought abed
with flaming fierie streame.
Afright with feare she rose,
and what she sawe she tolde
The aged King, and he forthwith
consulted sages olde.
Who preaching did pronounce
that Ilion should flame
With Paris fire, this ardent loue
I feele it was the same.
My forme and forwarde heart
(though then I seemde but base)
Was proufe and token that I came
of haulte and haughtie race.
A place there is in Ide
mid bushie laundes belowe,
Whereto no open way doth lie,
but Pine and Holme doth growe:

Where neyther simple shéepe,
noz Mountaine Goate did gnawe:
Noz lumpish Oxe with flapping lippes
had filde his mownching mawe.
From thence the Dardane walles,
and buildings huge to sée:
And waltring waues of drenching seas,
I leande agaynst a trée.
With trampling féete me thought
the soyle began to moue:
(Though I display but truth, yet thou
wilt scarce my tale approue:)
By force of flickring wings
was brought vnto the place
Cylenus, Atlas Nephewe néere,
and stode tofore my face.
(As lawfull twas to sée,
be léefull to recite)
And in his hande a golden rodde,
the God did holde vpright.
And heauenly Ladies thrée,
dame Venus, Iuno, and
The princely Pallas, all at once
set footing on the sand.
I quoke for dread, my haire
stode staring on my heade:
When (set thy feare aside) to me
the winged Herauide sed.

Thou

Thou art a iudge of formes,
stint all this goodly warre:
And tell which of these three by right
thy verdit doth prefarre.
And least I should refuse,
from Ioue he gaue me charge:
And therewith flue with gate direct
into the heauens large.
My strength began to growe,
and courage come anewe:
And then I dread not of the three
to take a perfite vewe.
All were surpassing wights,
but yet I stode in dred,
(Assigned Iudge) that erie one
might not alike be sped.
For one among the reast
surmounted other so:
And that it were the Nurse of lone
thy selfe wouldst lightly know.
Such carke they had to winne,
as eche one did intende,
By largesse, and their goodly giftes
my doubtfull domme to bende.
An Empire Iuno gaue,
dame Pallas vertues raigne:
I doubtfull stode where powre or ver-
tue were the best of twaine.

When sweétely Venus smilde,
let giftes not moue thy minde.
(Quoth she) friend Paris: both repleate
with trouble thou shalt finde.
My onely boone shall be,
that thou shalt loue, and haue
The snow white Ledas dearling deare
and daughter passing braue.
She said, when iustly scande
both formes and guerdons weare:
The last with prycke and prayse began
to mount vp to hir speare.
Meanewhile (as froward fates
to better fortune grewe)
Be certaine signes for Priams childe
the Troians Paris knewe.
The sonne receyude, the house
long time was filde with ioye:
And that selfe day continues still
as halowde yet in Troie.
And as I long for thée,
so maydens lœude me well:
Thou onely mayst their wish atchiue,
and beare away the bell.
Not Princes heyres alone
or daintie dames imbrast:
But seemely Nymphes in ardent loue
with me were coupled fast.

But

But lothsome was their loue,
I wayde them all aléeke.
When I of Helen stoode in hope,
whom Venus wilde me séeke.
I waking with mine eye
did sée thy face by day:
And in my heart I vewde thy forme
when Phœbus was away.
What wilt thou present doe,
that in mine absence so
Didst Paris please? I fryde though farre
the fierie flame were tho.
Ne longer this my hope
I could deferre at last,
But that my purpose to aspire
to sea I went in hast.
With Phrigian Axe were cut
the Troian trées to ground:
And Timber, what so for the seas
most fittest then was found.
The haughtie hilles were spoylde
of great and woxen woods:
And Ida lent me many a trée,
with all their sturdie shrowds.
The Okes for warped Keales
and rudder were ysquarde:
And with his crooked clinching ribbes
the ship was well preparde.

We added maste and toppe,
and hanging sayles thereto:
And in the sides our painted Gods
were portred all aroe.
In shippe wherein I went
was with hir little boye
Dame Venus grauen, whose behest
was causer of my ioye.
When Nauie was addrest,
and ready was the charge:
To passe vpon Ægean seas,
was geuen me in charge.
My parents by request
my voiage woulde haue stayde:
And that I would sojourne with them,
as earnest suters prayde.
My sister with hir lockes
(Cassandra) lolling downe:
(When shippes were ready to avale,
from port within a stowne)
Why: whither goste (quoth she:)
thy freighting shal be same.
Thou little knowste what fire thou fetste,
that doste this iourney frame.
I finde hir wordes a trothe,
I fæle the foresayde heate:
And raging loue in yælding brest
as kindled Cole doth freate.

With

With that I left the porte,
by meane of blissefull blast
And friendly gale, I did arrive
vpon thy coste at last.
Thy husbande toke me gueste,
with whome I harbourde thoe:
And not without the Gods aduise
be practisde that I knowe.
Who made me shewe of all
that goodly was to bewe
In Lacedemon, or else where
in stately Greece he knewe.
But nought might please mine eye,
or hungrie fancie leeke:
Who for thy passing praysed shape
with longing heart did seeke.
Whom when I sawe, I musde,
mine inwarde parts I sealt
Surprisde with newe vnwonted cares
in monstrous wise to mealt.
A face resembling thine
(of trouth I minde it well)
Had Venus, when to iudge of hues
to Paris lot it fell
If thou hadst there bene preste,
contending for the game:
I doubt where Lady Venus shoulde
so lightly wonne the same.

Re-

Report hath spred thy prayse,
and Fame hir trumpet blowne:
So that in euery countrie is
faire Helens beautie knowne.
In Troian towne is none,
Ne from the rising Sunne
A famous Lasse that for hir hue
a semblant praise hath wonne.
And if thou darste beléeue,
thy beautie doth surpasse:
And common rumor doth impeache
and bréedes thy beautie lasse.
Here finde I more than me
the Goddesse had behight:
And all that glorie by thy face
and forme is passed quight.
Not Theseus loude for nought,
that knewe so well thy shape:
That were of such a noble Duke
surmisde a séemely rape.
When by the Greekish guise
a naked Nymph didst sporte
With naked wightes, in place of playe
where Grecians did resort.
I prayse him for his rape,
I muse he would forgoe
So good a pray: with valiant hart
it shoulde bene healde you knowe.

For from these shoulders first
should fall my scotched skull:
Ere thée out of my griping handes
a mortall wight should pull.
Would ere these armes of mine
haue let thée so depart:
Or during life might I with you at all
from Paris clummes astart.
If néedes I should forgone,
I would haue had a share,
For all in Ide should haue laine
the lustfull Venus ware,
Or I thy maydenhead woulde
and daintie flowre haue gainde:
Or that which might haue bene allowde,
if maidenhead were restrainde.
To Paris plye, and thou
his constant heart shalt trie:
Who vowes with thée in loue flame fire
and funerall flame to frie.
For I haue thée preferde
before the regall Race,
Which wealthfull Iuno offred, when
I sate in Iudges place.
And to thée fine I might
with armes thy necke enclose:
I scornde the vertue Pallas gaue,
more worth than glowing golde,

That

That time when Ladies thrée
appeard in stately Ide,
But dexter iudgement there to haue
their doubtfull quarrell tride:
I sorow not my choyse,
ne yet repent at all:
My stable minde doth aye persist
as then it did, and shall.
This one request I make,
let not my hope be vaine,
(O famous dame) that well deserue
pursute with endlesse paine.
No Rascall séekes to match
himselfe in Gentils blood:
Ne thou to be my wedded spouse
mayst thinke thy selfe to good.
The Pleyade mayst thou finde,
and loue with stately stile
To me alide, the middle Grand-
sires though I should concile
In Asia reignes my Syre,
(a fresh and fruitfull soyle)
Which scarcely may enuironde be
with long and painefull toyle.
Of Cities many one,
and lodges shalt thou sée:
And Temples such as fit for Gods
thy selfe wilt déeme to bée.

Great

Great walles with lofttie towres
and Ilion shalt thou bewe:
Which stately buildings by the sounde
of Phœbus musick grewe.
What of the hugie presse
of people should I tell?
The Countrie scarce conteynes the folke
that in the Cities dwell.
A troupe of Troian Dames,
and Matrons thee will méete:
The Phrygian Femes will stuffe eche porch,
and euery other stréete.
How often wilt thou say
Achaia is but powre?
The wealth of Gréekish townes is founde
in euery little powre.
Be lawfull is for me
thy Sparta to despise:
The place where thou were forfred, I
more blissfull doe surmise.
Yet Sparta is but spare,
more pompe thou dosse deserue:
So meane a soyle for such a face
doth nothing fitly serue.
Such beautie larger loast
would well beséeme in déede:
And aye on new delights were méete
for such a face to fæde.

When

When thus thou beiwe our men
attyzde and bzauely dight:
What wilt thou iudge of Troian trulles,
and of their vesture bright:
Now shew thy selfe a friend,
noz of a Phzygian scozne
Thou daintie dame, in Therapne-
an countrie that were bozne.
Foz he a Phzygian was
and come of Troian line:
That to the Gods their Nectar giues
commixt with water fine.
A Troian Tython too
and yet she lykte him well,
That with the golden dawning doth
the dzowping night expell.
Anchises was a Tro-
ian bozne, and bzed they say,
With whome the Dame of Loue in Ide
in shzowding shadow lay.
Thy spouse with me comparde
(though thou thy selfe were iudge)
Foz yeares and seemely shape would be
a rascall and a snudge.
I will not giue to thée
a Fatherlawe, that by
His cursed fact did fozce the sonne
his fearefull stedes to wzy.

Ne Pelops was the sire
of Priam that with blod
Of Oenamus imbrude his handes,
and Mirtill drencht in flod.
Nor doth our Grandsire gape
for fruite in flattring lake
Of Styx, nor seekes for waues in Well,
his growing thirst to slake.
But what auayleth this,
if one be linckt with thée
Of their discent a Ioue is enforst
this families head to bée.
Fie shamefull act, all night
that same vnworthy patch
With thée doth sléepe, and with his armes
thy sugred corps doth catch.
Thée scarcely I desirie
when table clothes are led:
And that selfe time with carck and care,
and sorow ynough is sped.
Vnto my mortall foes
such banquets fall I craue:
As when that Bacchus comes to bryde
I stelle Paris haue.
I hate mine harbour fore,
when so the ruflicke layes
His armes vpon thy snowish necke,
and with mine Hostelle playes.

I swell with wrath (but what
should I now all declare?)
When with his clothes displayde the Thuffe
thy husband, hydes thy bare.
But when you gan to kysse
and coll eche other apace:
(For that I would not see) the Cup
I set before my face.
Loke when he thee imbraste,
to ground mine eyes I threwe:
And in vnwilling mouth my meate
and yrkesome prawnder grewe.
And grunting oft with griefe,
I sawe full well when thou
At those my woes in wanton wise
wouldst smile with laughing brow.
With wine oft times I would
that fuming flame oppress:
But drunkennesse was flame in fire
and thus my heate increast.
And sundrie sights to shunne.
away my head I turne:
But thou eftsones wouldst make mine eyes
and fancie to returne.
Thus doubtfull what to doe,
a griefe these things to see:
But yet a greater griefe away
from such a face to bee.

As

As much as lay in mée
this rage I ſtriue to hide:
Yet naytheleſſe diſſembled loue
is quickly to be ſpide.
Ne art thou ought deceyude,
to thée my woundes be knowne:
And would to God that of my griefes
thou priuie were alone.
How oft when teares gan flush,
turnde I my heade awrie:
Leaſt he the cauſe of mournefull mode
ſhould fortune to diſcrie:
How often with Cup craſde
haue I ſome loue exprest:
And would vnto thy featurde face
eche worde and ſentence wrest:
And of my ſelfe in cloſe
and fained name made ſhowe:
Euen I am he that lwude ſo well,
if thou the ſame not knowe.
And that I franckly might
vſe wanton words at will:
I would make wiſe of Bacchus wares
as though I had my fill.
Thy breaſt (I well recorde)
(thy veſture béeing loſe.)
Diſplayde vnto my ſtaring eyes,
thy beautie did diſcloſe.

Thy brest than Mountayne snowe
or morning Wilke more cléere,
Or Ioue that in the forme of Swanne
to Leda did appéere.
Whilst at the sight I gazde
(I helde a Cup by hap)
And from my fist the Cup it fell
and in the flore did snap.
When thou thy daughter kist,
I would, the kisse to winne,
Hermions cheekes and cherrie lippes
eftsoone to smack beginne.
Sometime layde bolt vpright
of former loue would sing:
And other sighes by beck would giue
a signe of secret thing.
The chiefe of all thy Mates
I bourded but of late:
To Clymen and to Æthra I
in humble wise did prate.
Who aunswered nothing else
but that they stod in dread:
And euen amids my earnest sute
away from me they fled.
Would thou were plast as price
at some notorious watch,
That he who best in armes deserude,
thée for his Féere might catch.

Then

Then as Hyppomenes wanne
Atlanta in the fielde,
To whom a flock of futers earſt
in running race did yéelde:
As Hercules the hornes
of Achelous broke,
When Deianeiras loue to fight
the Champion did prouoke:
I would my valiant prowesſe
in ſemblant ſort haue ſhowne:
And that thy beautie cauſde the ſame
to thée it ſhould be knowne.
Now nought remaynes, but euen
to ſue to thée (faire Dame)
And grouſe to fore thy féete to fall
if thou permit the ſame.
O flowre, and preſent prayſe
of both thy brothers hyre:
O worthy wife for mightie Ioue
if Ioue were not thy Syre:
Or to Sigeian porte
with thée I will retire:
Or in exile at Tænaris
my carkaſſe ſhall expire,
For why? no ſlender darte
hath cleft my breſt in twaine,
The mortall wounde hath brooſde the bones,
and ranſackt euery vaine.

In this (I minde it well)
Cassandra spake aright:
Who saide in future time on me
a heauenly shaft should light.
Wherefore, doe not despise
the loue allowde by fate:
So mayst thou haue the gastly Gods
thy friends in needefull state.
I haue a thousand things
which franckly to recite,
Receyue me to thy careleste Couch
in sere and silent night.
What? dost thou shame, or stande
in such a bashfull dred,
For to defile with secret scape
thy chaste and bridely bed?
To simple sure thou art,
a rustick might I say?
Thinkst thou that so well formde a face
from guilt may scape away?
Or thou must chaunge thy hue,
or not be heard at least:
Twixt beautie and an honest life
was neuer warre in feast.
For Ioue delights in stealthes,
and Venus loues the same:
Ne Ioue had bene thy Syre vnlesse
had Leda lykte the game.

If griefes of loue haue force
scarce chaste thou mayst be thought:
When lustfull Ioue and Leda light
into this world hath brought.
Then leade an honest life,
when we in Troie shall bée:
Let none be able to defame
faire Helen but by mée,
Now let vs forge the fact
which marriage shall amende:
If Ladie Venus wordes be true
as tho shée did preten d
Thy husbande not in wordes
but déedes perswades thereto:
Who, for he would no hindrance be,
deuisde from Greece to go,
He had no fitter time
to ride from home but than:
O Lord it is a world to sée
the subtile craft of man.
Mine host is gone, who sayde
at parture: wife I will
Thou take in charge my Troian gueste,
thy husbandes Hestes fulfill.
I sweare, thou dost neglect
thy absent Féeres requeste:
For why: thou hast no carke at all
to entertaine thy gueste.

What doſt thou thinke in deede
that doltiſh ſielie man,
The thewes of Helens paſſing forme
may iudge, or throughly ſcan?
In faith thou art beguilde:
for if the god the owes
Ye knew, therewith he would not truſt,
a gueſt he ſcarcely knowes.
Though neyther thée my boyce
nor friendſhip may procure
To yéelde me grace: conuenient time
may cauſe vs to play ſure.
Or elſe we are but Dolts,
and more than he to blame:
If ſuch occaſion we permit
to ſlide deuoyde of game.
In maner with his hande
he gaue his gueſt to thée:
Sée thou doe vſe ſuch ſimpleneſſe
that hath ſuch care of mée.
The long and lothſome night
thou lodgeſt all alone:
And I poore Paris to redreſſe
my hapleſſe harmes haue none.
Let intermedled ioyes
conioyne vs both yfeare:
And that ſelfe night ſhall ſéeme to vs
than brighteſt day more cleare.

Then

Then will I make my vowe,
appealing Gods to othe:
And by a sacred bands to thée
for pawne ingage my troth
And then (vnlesse the trust
I in my selfe repose
Be vaine) I vnto thée eftsones
my Scepter will disclose.
But if thou shame, and dread
to condiscend thereto:
I onely will sustaine the guilt
and thou exempt shalt go
For why? thy brothers fact,
and Theseus will I take
As myrrours: néerer proofe than this
I know thou canst not make.
The Theseus earst, they two
Lucippids haue bereft:
And I as fourth example made
and myrrour shall be left.
My Nauie is at hande,
of men and armour store:
We shall to Troie sitt in hast
by meane of winde and Oze.
Thou like a stately Quéene
through Dardan stréetes shalt ride.
The Commons will some Goddesse newe
surmise to haue espide.

What

What way soeuer thou goest
the perfumes they shall sweate:
And slaughtred beastes the gozie grounde
with blodie strokes shall beate.
My sisters with my Dame,
my brothers with the king,
And all the Troian Patrones shall
their ample presentes bring.
Oh, scarce one parcell I
of future things recite:
Thou shalt haue moze than in these lines
my feeble pen can wzite.
Ne doe thou rapted stande
of dzeadfull warre in awe:
Ne feare that grudging Greece hir fozce
to wzeake this rape will dzawe.
Though sundzie were conuaide,
was neuer none pursude
With clattering armes: of troth this dzead
vs causelesse doth delude.
In Boreas name the men
of Thrace Orithia stole:
Yet Byston had no hatefull warres,
noz enmies to controle.
In nouell Barcke was brought
by Iason thzough the seas
Medea: Colchos kept no coyle
ne Thessale did disease.

And

And he that ſtale thée firſt
reft Minos dearling deare:
And yet his men of Creta did
not once in armour ſteare.
The feare in theſe affaires
the daunger doth excell:
But afterwarde of feare we ſhame
when euery thing is well.
Put caſe that warre were wagde:
(if ſo thou liſt to thincke)
What, I haue men, and armour eake,
yea ſuch as will not ſhrincke.
And Aſia is no leſſe,
than is your countrie wide:
Of valiant Wights we haue good ſtore,
and ſtartling ſteades to ride.
Nor Menelaus ſhall
of greater courage bée
Than Troian Paris, nor in armes
more ſtiffe and ſtoute than hée.
For béeing yet a chylde
I ſlue my haughtie foes
That ſtale my heirde: and of that fact
my valiant name aroſe.
And béeing but a Ladde
in ſundrie cumbats wanne
The palme from Illioneus, and eake
Deiphobus the man.

And leaſt thou ſole ſurmiſe
mée to preuaile at hande:
I can enforce my thirled ſhaft
full néere the marke to ſtande.
The like attempt in youth
Atrides neuer made:
Ne Menelaus mayſt thou match
with Paris for his trade.
Though all things elſe thou graunt
yet Hector can not bée
His brother, which will ſtande in ſteade
of thouſande men to mée.
Thou little knowſte my powre,
my force from thée is lockt:
Thou canſt not tell what man is he
with whom thou ſhalt be ſhockt.
Or with no tumult thou
ſhalt be requirde againe:
Or Gréekiſh tentes to Paris Parte
to yéelde they ſhall be faine:
Yet néede I not diſdaine
to warre for ſuch a wife:
For why? the price doth well deſerue
to ſtirre a greater ſtrife.
And thou if all the worlde
for thée ſhould ſéeme to ſtriue:
Shalt ſtande aſſured in after time
for aye to be aliue.

Wherefore hath dreadlesse hope
departing from this shore,
And bitsfull Gods, bemaunde the giftes
I thée behight before.

W

The Argument of the xvj. Epiſtle, entituled Helen to Paris.

WHen Helen had the Troian writ peruſde
She thought hir ſelfe to ſhamefully abuſde.
She deemde it not the part of any gueſt,
To whoredome ſo his Hoſteſſe minde to wreſt.
To quayle the Princocks pride, and make a prouſe
Of ſpotleſſe fame, at firſt ſhe ſtandes alouſe,
At length when to and fro ſhe had diſcourſt:
Of this and that, and collour well disbourſt
She fawnes, ſhe frownes, ſhe frettes, ſhe ſpeakes him faire,
She offred hope, but fed him with diſpaire,
As women wont, deuiſing many a toie,
But Paris hir in fine conuayde to Troie.

The.xvj.Epistle.

Helen to Paris.

NOw since thy letters haue
thus rashly wrongde my sight:
I thought it needefull with my penne
thy Pistle to requight.
And didst thou dare a guest,
(the boundes of hostage broke:)
And honest Matrone well espousde,
to pleasure to prouoke:
For this by whisking windes
ytost on wauing Seas,
Did Tænaris thee with port relieue
thy painfull plight to ease:
Nor (through vnguestred thou
camste from a countrie farre)
My Pallace did gainst thée as then
his churlish gates debarre:
That such a wrong should be
rewarde for gud desart:
Thou that didst enter so hast playde
no guestes, but enmies part.
Though lawfull be my plaint,
yet doubt I not at all,
But thou (when so thou heare thereof)
a rude complaint wilt call.

A ruſtick let me bée,
  ſo I not paſſe the bounde
Of honeſt ſhame, and in my life
  no cankred crime be founde.
So I in fayned lookе
  doe cloake no churliſh cheare:
Nor in my face no grimme diſdaine
  nor bended browe appeare.
Yet honeſt is my fame,
  I liue deuoide of ſpot:
No luſtfull Lecher for his life
  is able mée to blot.
Which makes me muſe the more
  what ſhould embold thée ſo,
To take this ſtraunge attempt in hande
  a maried wife to wowe?
Cauſe Theſeus wrongde me once,
  well worthy am I deémde
To be a Ruffians rape againe,
  and ſo to be eſteémde?
The guilt was mine, if I
  allured were to yll
But ſo I rapted were by force,
  what could I doe but nyll?
Ne he by that his fact
  his hoped bootie gote:
Set feare and womans dread aſide,
  I nought abode God wote.

The wretch by wrestling wonne
at Helens hande a kisse:
And layde hir on the lippe sometime
he had no more but this.
Scarce would you bene contente
vnthristie so you are)
With that: I thanke the Gods, that he
and thou didst differ farre.
He yéelded me againe,
and me did scarcely touch:
And did repent him of his fact,
his modestie is such.
Did Theseus so recant
that Paris should succéede:
For feare least on my blased armes,
the people should not kéede:
Yet I am nothing wroth,
(for who can angrie bée
With that she loues:) if this my loue
be faithfull vnto mée.
For thereof doubt I lore,
not for distrust at all,
Or that my face and featurde forme
into suspect I call.
But for such light beliefe
and credit workes our wo:
And suters tales are freight with fraude,
and fired faith forgo.

But others doe aguilt,
an honeſt Matron rare:
Who barres that I among thoſe fewe
ſhould haue a partie ſhare?
For cauſe my mother errde,
perhaps thou thinkſt me light
By hir example to be wonne,
by meane of natures might.
To cloake my mothers crime
and errour is in ſtore:
For why? the Lecher lurckte in plume
to worke his will the more.
If I ſhould doe amiſſe
of force thereof I knowe:
There is no errour mine offence
to hide from open ſhowe.
Hir ſcape is well allowde,
the Author made it leſſe:
There is no loue at all to cloake
my fault if I tranſgreſſe.
Thou brauſte vpon thy ſtock,
thy Grandſires Princes are,
This houſe of worthy Auncеſters
and Nobles is not bare.
I will conceale that loue
was Atreus Grandſire great:
Of Tantalus, or Pelops I,
nor Tyndaris minde to treat.

But Leda lendes me Ioue
my ſtately Sire to bée
Whom foule beguilde with ſwanniſh foꝛme
and falſed birde we ſée.
Now vaunt thy Troian heades
and ginners of thy race:
Let Laomedon be in pꝛeſſe
and Priam eke in place.
Whom I commend: but he
that fift is of your line,
(Thy greateſt pꝛide) I finde the ſame
the foꝛemoſt man in mine.
Though Troian Scepter I
account to bée of fame,
Yet iudge I not our Empire ought
inferiour to the ſame.
Suppoſe our wealth you paſſe,
and Teucrian troupe excell
Our Gréekiſh ſoyle: yet barbarous is
the countrie where you dwell.
So great rewardes your lines
and letters me behight,
As well they might accoy, and cauſe
to yéelde a heauenly wight.
But ſo I minded were
to bꝛeake the boundes of ſhame:
Thy ſelfe ſhouldſt ſoner make me yéelde
than all thy gifts of fame.

Or I for aye will liue
and leade vnspotted life,
Or thée more rather would ensue
than all thine offers rife:
As I not scorne the same,
in price so are they thought
The greatest gifts to whom the gi-
uer hath their beautie brought.
But most of all I weigh
thy loue, that for my sake
Such paines abodste, whose hope to passe
the seas did vndertake.
And eke at tables set
(though with dissembling browe
I séeke to hide thine amorous tricks)
I note them well ynowe.
Sometime thou (wanton wight)
dosste cast a glauncing blink
With wrested loke, whereat wel neare
my daunted eyes doe shrink.
Againe you sigh as fast,
another time you take
The cup, and where I dranck, euen there
your falsed thirst doth slate
With fingers (Lord) how oft,
and with a talking browe,
Hast thou me giuen secret signes,
I wote well where, and howe:

And

And oft I ſtode in feare
my huſband ſaw the ſame:
And often dreading to be ſpide
I bluſht with baſhfull ſhame.
Oft times with whiſpring words
vnto my ſelfe I ſed:
(This is a ſhameleſſe gueſt) my wordes
did hit the nayle on hed.
And often wrought in wine,
I rad vpon the bourde,
Euen vnder Helens name (*I loue*)
I well recorde the worde.
But that I had diſtruſt
thereof, my lookes did ſhowe:
But now (alaſſe) to write the like
doth hapleſſe Helen knowe.
Theſe fancies might haue forſte
my ruthfull breſt to bende,
And turnde my heart, if to a gueſt
I would at all intende.
Thy feature I confeſſe
is rare, and ſuch to ſee,
As might allure a womans hart.
to linck hir ſelfe with thee
I wiſht that hap to fall
vpon ſome ſingle Dame:
Ere I with forraine loue ſhould ſeeke
my bridely bed to ſhame.

Well liked things to lacke
by my example leare:
It is a vertue to abstaine
from what thou hast so deare.
How many youthes haue wisht
for that which thou doste traue?
What? Paris doste thou deeme that thou
alone good iudgement haue?
Thou seest no more than they,
but madder is thy minde:
Thy courage is no bett than theirs
lesse shame in thee I finde.
Would then thou hadst repayrde,
and hither come by flode:
When me in prime and flouring yeares
a thousande suters woode.
Of thousand thou the first
if I thee tho had seene,
(My doome to beare withall I craue
my husband) thou hadst beene.
To things possest thou comste,
and gotten goods to late:
To slow thou were, another hath
in that thou crauste, estate.
As then thy Troian wife,
I would haue wisht to bee:
So now Atrides not agaynst
my will enioyeth mee.

Cease

Ceaſe thou with wordes therefore
to ranſack Helens hart,
To hir (thou ſayſt thou lowſte ſo well)
procure no grutching ſmart.
But let me keepe the ſort
that Fortune hath allowde:
Seeke not my fame and good report
to darke with ſhadie clowde.
But Venus ſo behight,
and in the vales of Ide
Three heauenly wights ſtarke naked came
to clayme their beauties pride.
Of whom one gaue thée raigne,
th'other Bellonas ſkill:
The thirde pronowncke that Helen ſhoulde
be plyant to thy will.
In faith I ſcarcely thinke
ſuch Ladies would vouchſaue,
For chiefeſt beauties pærelelle price
thy doubtfull dome to haue.
Suppoſe it were a troth,
the reaſt was all vntrue:
That for ſuch iudgement I ſhould be
a recompence to you.
I ſtande not ſo much on
my beauties pride, to deeme
That me the greateſt gift of all
the Goddeſſe did eſteeme.

My feature is content
of men to purchase fame:
I like it not that Venus should
so much commende the same.
But nothing I denie
the praise full well I lёke:
For to what ende should I gaynsay
the thing I chiefly seёke:
Ne let it wrath thёe that
I hardly thёe beleёue:
To matters of importance great
we scarcely credit gёeue.
Wherefore I ioy it most
that Venus lykte me so:
And next for such a stately gift
that thou did take me tho.
And that thou didst preferre
my blased beauties good
For Pallas gift, and Iunos reigne
that there in iudgement stood.
Then I thy vertue am,
then I to thёe a raigne:
I were too stonie if I woulde
not loue the like againe.
God sayth I am no stёele,
but him to loue I shonne
Who (scarce I thinke) may be my spouse
when all my worke is donne.

Why

Why should I fondly séeke
to plough the barren sande:
Or hope on that which place it selfe
doth very much withstande:
I skilleſſe am in scapes.
the Gods recorde I call
I neuer by deceitfull sleight
beguilde my Féere at all.
In that to couert scrole
my wordes I now commit
My letters dw attempt a thing
they neuer practisde yet.
Thrise blest that are inwrde,
I wote not how to play
That part as yet, to guilt full hards
I doe surmise the way.
This dreade doth much annoy
and sore I am agast,
Suspecting all the peoples eyes
on vs are fixed fast.
Nor this I feare in vaine,
the buzzing brute I knowe:
And Æthra what report had gone,
to mée but late did showe.
Unleſſe thou minde to cease,
dissemble thou therefore:
But why shouldst thou now stint thy sute:
thou canst dissemble sore.

In

In secret vse thy toyes,
and spare thou not to play:
Now scope we haue, though not the most,
my husband is away.
He now is farre from home
affayres compelde him so:
A iust and good occasion he
had out of towne to go.
When in a doubt he stode
his iourney forth to take,
Dispatch (quoth I) good sir, and see
a quick returne you make.
Th'abodement lykte him so,
as he to killing fell:
And gaue me charge of house and goods,
and bade me vse thée well.
I scarce my laughter helde,
which whilst I striue to stay:
Saue that it should be so in déede,
I had no worde to say.
To Crete he went in haste
by helpe of winde and Oze:
But thou, that all things séest full are,
must not surmise therefore.
So is my spouse alacke,
as in his absence well
He doth me garde: that Princes haue
long reach canst thou not tell?

Fame doth impayze our loyes
for how much moze you lèke
And prayse me: so much moze you cause
to stande in feare the Greeke.
The lawde I loue so well
(as now consistes the case)
Annoyes: moze better were that fame
had neuer blazde my face:
That I am left with thee
now he is farre away
Muse not: he trustes my maners well
and thinks in me some stay.
My face did make him dzead,
he trustes my life full well:
The suretie which my maners bzede,
my beautie doth expell.
Thou willste me to be wise
and vse the pzesent tide:
And not to let so fit a time
deuoyde of game to slide.
I would, and am afrayde
as yet my heart doth quake:
And fearefull bzest in doubt doth stande,
and knowes not which to take.
My spouse doth now dislodge,
and thou alone doste lye:
Thy beautie likes me well, and Hel-
lens shape contents thine eye.

The nights are passing long,
and we to chat begin:
And thou art euen a pleasant guest
and both one house within.
God soth eche thing doth séeme
this fact to further aye:
And yet I knowe not how the same
my quiuering feare doth stay.
As thou perswadste but yll,
would well thou mightst constraine
Me to thy will, this rudenesse then
should be expelde amaine.
Sometime receyued wrong
anailes the pacient much:
How blist were I, such force to bide
if Helens hap were such:
More better were while loue
is rawe and gréene, to stay:
For flame that scarcely kindled is
will sone consume away:
Few drops of sprinkled water will
the sparkling fire delay.
As straungers starters are,
vncertaine be their lowes:
And when thou thinkst them surste of all
their wauering faith remoues.
Let Hypsiphyl recorde
and Mynos daughter trye:

For they themselues with wandring wights
in bridely bande did tie.
And thou of whom Oenon
was many yeares imbrast,
Art said without a iust desart
to shunne the Nympst at last.
Which thou dost not denie:
and very troth to tell,
My chiefest care was to enquire
where thou didst vse thée well.
And though thou wouldest full faine
be stable now in loue,
Thou canst not, for thy Teucrian ships
will out of hande remoue.
While we doe tale yeare,
and fired night shall bée,
The winde will serue thy sayles so well
as thou wilt part from mée.
Amid his pleasant course,
that vnacquainted play
Will stint, and with the whisking winds
our friendship passe away.
Shall I (as thou perswadste)
go helpe the Troian towne:
Or vnto great Laomedon
a Daughterlaw be sowne:
Perdie I more accoumpt
of swift and slickring fame,

Than

Than that in euery lande it should
haue powze to spzed my name:
What Sparta might of mée
and all Achaia speake:
What auncient Asias famous townes,
and Priams mansion eake:
What Priamus of me,
and Priams wife might say:
Thy bzothers, with the Troian dames
what might they blast I pzay:
And last, how mightst thou hope
me faythfull spouse to finde:
Thine owne example would pzocure
distrust within thy minde.
What guest soeuer shall
to Ilion repeare,
Will bzéede suspect within thy bzeast
and make thée stande in feare.
How oft wilt thou inragde
tearme me by harlots name,
Forgetfull that thy owne offence
was causer of the same:
Thy selfe wilt both pzocure
and blame the fact at last:
Ere that I wishe in hollow vaute
my carkasse to be plast:
But I shall haue the welth
of Troie, and bzaue aray:

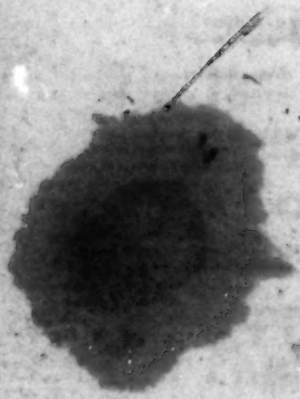
And mo rewardes than promise was,
thus did thy Pistle say.
Of precious Purple I
and Arrasse store shall haue:
And be enricht with hugie heapes
of massie golde so braue.
Forgiue that I confesse,
I way not all the golde:
I wot not how this soile doth seeme
thy Helen to withholde.
For if I wronged were,
in Troie no succour is:
My brothers ayde I stande assurde,
and fathers helpe to misse.
False Iason euery thing
to Medea behight,
And yet in fine from Æsons lodge
she was expelled quight.
And beeing so refusde,
she coulde not make retourne
To Ætes, Ipsea, nor with Chalcio-
pe for shame sotourne.
I nothing dreade the like,
no more did Medea tho
But sundrie times abodements doe
good hope delude, we know.
The ships that now in surge
and yrefull seas doe ride:

When first they wayde their Ankcors, had
a calme and pleasant tide.
The brande roth brēde my dreade,
wherewith thy Dame was sed
Before hir wonted time of birth,
to haue bene brought a bed.
The Sothlayers sawes I feare,
which spake the time would bee,
When men of Troie within their walles
the Grēekish flame should see.
As Venus friendes thē, for
shē wanne the glittring fruite,
And foylde the other two that were
hir ryuals in the sute:
So dreads I their disdaines
which (by thine owne report)
In iudgement were so put a back
in such reprochfull sort.
And if I follow thē,
I doubt it not (alas)
But that through swordes and wreakefull blades
our hapelesse loue shall passe.
With Centaurs to discorde,
and blodie warres to wage
Did Hippodamia cause the men
of Thrace in yrefull rage:
And dost thou deeme my Fēere
will vnreuenged go

In

In quarrell iust? my brothers both
and Tindaris also?
For that in brauerie you
your Marciall dèedes recite:
The truth is thus, that from your wordes
your features differs quite.
For Venus fitter thou
than Mars dost seeme to bée:
Loue Paris, and let men of force
go fight in fielde for thèe.
Let Hector, whom thou so
doste vaunt in armour broyle:
Another kinde of warrefare is
farre better for thy toyle.
If I were in my wittes,
or somewhat bolder were
I would vse these: the women that
are wise will vse this geare.
And laying shame aside
perhaps hereafter I
Will condiscend, and conquerde with
continuance will applie.
For that in secret thou
doste long the rest to tell,
The couert talke that thou wouldst vse,
I know it passing well.
Too hastie sure thou art,
thy haruest is in grasse:

Perhaps this tarriance will the bet-
ter bring thy will to passe.
This ye my letters leaue
my guyltie minde to showe:
Thou Quill, that wearied hast my hand,
in this no farther go:
The reast by Clymen I
and Æthra will disclose:
Which two are of my counsell chiefe,
in whome I trust repose.



The

¶ The Argument of the xvij. Epistle, entituled Sappho to Phaon.

PHaon in passage Boate
his painefull liuing gate,
And ferrying folke from shore to shore
relieude his needefull state.
Twas Venus hap at last,
without a profred hire
To Phaon for his painefull toyle,
a passage to desire.
The whirryman agreed,
and ferried hir for nought,
Whome he no heauenly Goddesse, but
a mortall woman thought.
She in reward a Box
of ointment gaue to him,
That coulde enforce a featurde forme,
and make the beautie trim.
Within a while this Lad
the Lasses had allurde,
But wanton Sappho least of all
his beauties beames endurde.
She loude him passing well,
he forst hir not a rush:
Hir siely Nymph inradge with loue
a thousand cares did crush.

The Argument.

To Cicill Phaon *goes.*
then Sappho *ſeemde vndonne,*
And thought by ſpeedie leauing life
hir waſting flames to ſhonne.
From Leucas *ſhe pretendes*
(Epyrus *Mount*) *to fall,*
And ſo by haſtned death to leaue
both loue and life withall.
To Leucas *ere ſhe came,*
to ſuing flat ſhe fill,
And to vnfriendly Phaon *did*
deuiſe this friendly Bill.
In hope to winne the wight,
and purchaſe loue againe,
Wherein ſhe telles hir twitching griefes,
and pennes hir pinching paine.

The.xvij.Epistle.

Sappho to Phaon.

WHere when thou sawest at first
my louing lines with eye,
Thou knowledge hadst fro whence they came
and notice by and by?
Where if thou hadst herein
not red the Authors name
And Sappho seene, thou hadst not knowne
from whom this writing came:
Demaunde thou wilt perhaps
what me procurde to write
This kinde of verse, that mirrie tunes,
and Luting doe delight:
For that this love of mine
is dolefull and the verse
Elegia calde a wofull kinde
of myter to reherse.
No Cythron serues a mourning minde
whom cruell cares doe pierse.
As straw doth kindle soone,
when Eurus ginnes to driue
The flash into the fertill fieldes;
euen so I frie alliue.
To Ætna Phaon nowe
hath tane his way in haste:

And me poore wench as great a fire
as Ætnas flame doth waft.
I can not frame my frets,
my ſtubborne ſtrings doe iarre:
For why? in déede of quiet minde
ſuch verſes tokens arre.
Pyrino is forgot,
ne Driads doe delite
My fancie: Lesbian Laſſes eke
are now forgotten quite.
Not Amython I force,
nor Cydno paſſieg fine:
Nor Atthis, as ſhe did of yore
allures theſe eyes of mine.
Ne yet a hundreth mo
whom (ſhame ylayde aſide)
I fancide erſte: thou all that loue
from them to thée haſt wide.
In thée doth feature flowe,
thy yeares for dalliance apt:
Thy face, O face t'is thou that haſt
my ſhaken ſenſes rapt.
A Quiuer and a Lute
take thou in hande, and thée
Apollo men will déeme: d'on hornes
and Bacchus thou ſhalt bée.
And Phœbus Daphne lounde,
king Minos darling deare

God Bacchus lykte, yet neyther of both
a Cytherons string could steare.
But me Pegasian Nymphes
haue learned on the Lute,
And throughout all the world is borne
of Sapphos songs the brute.
Nor Alcæus (though vpon
a statelier string doe sounde
My mate for Art, and countrie eke)
a greater prayse hath founde.
Though I at natures hande
no featurde face could gaine:
Yet those defaultes of kinde I quite
by goodnesse of the braine.
Disdaine me not, although
but meane my stature bee:
And in pronouncing very short
you Sapphos name doe see.
Put case I be not faire:
swarth Andromed to weiue,
Duke Perseus pleasoe: Morisco soyle
alowde hir tawnie hewe.
Full oft the whitest Doues
with speckled Culuers tred:
And oft we see the Turtle browne
with Popingay doth wed.
If none, vnlesse hir forme
could match thy featurde shape,

Should lincke with thée: thou doubtlesse shouldst
from martage aye escape.
But when thou bewdste my verse,
then Sappho séemde in sight
A comely wench, thou swarste that me
alone became to wright.
I sang, I minde it well,
for louers fire in breast
Forepassed toyes, and thou the while
to killing thée adreast.
Those busses lykte thée eke,
for euery poynt I was
Bekancide well: but most when we
to Venus prancks did passe.
Then did my wanton tricks
and loftie mounting, more
With sugred words, delight thy minde
(my Phaon) than of yore.
And that when both our ioyes
confounded were, I lay
With wearie limmes, and languor lame,
and had no worde to say.
Now are Sicilian trulles
thy nouell pray, I sée:
In Lesbos what make I? a wench
of Sicill I will bée.
O Nysian Matrons, O
Sicilian Dames I say,

This

This loytring guest of ours expell
your Countrie boundes I pray.
Ne let his glosing tongue
your listning eares beguile:
For why, to vs he hath ere this
ylde that selfe same stile.
And Ladie Venus thou
that knowen art to dwell
(Rue on thy Poetes piteous plight)
among the Sicans fell.
Will aye this cruell chaunce
in one selfe tenor ronne?
And still persist in spitefull sorte
as when hir race begonne?
For but a Babe in yeares,
and lacking three of nine,
My parents boyes I gathered vp
and bathde with saltishe brine.
My needefull brother burnt
with beastly strumpets flame:
And did endure both wrack of wealth
and spitefull losse of fame.
To beggrie brought he plies
the slyding seas with Oze:
And gettes againe with shamefull shifts
the wealth he spent before.
And me for sound aduise
pursues with deadly hate:

This

This was the onely good to mée
that my frée speaking gate.
And eke as though I lackt
a cause to bréede my dole,
My little daughter heapes vp hoe,
that prettie prating soule.
But last of all, thou art
the forger of my bale:
Aye me poore wench, my beaten Barcke
fits not with pleasant gale.
Marke out of order how
my lolling tresses flée:
No glistring Gem, or Iuell is
vpon my hand to sée.
My vesture is but vile,
not spanged is my top:
My hanging heare with Cinet, nor
Arabian dew doth drop.
From whome (vnhappie Girle)
should Sappho go so gay?
Whome séeke to please? the Author of
my brauerie is away.
My gentle yéelding breast
eche lightsome dart may brose:
And aye I finde a cause to loue,
and can none other chose.
Or else at time of birth
the sisters set this lawe:

Allowing

Allowing me such cruell twist
that did my destny drawe:
Or custome growes to kinde,
and vse becommes an Arte:
I wote not well, but sure I haue
by kinde a gentle hart.
What wonder, if with such
a beardlesse youth I were
Attacht, whose tender childish yeares
allowde his chinne no heare?
I drad (Aurora) least
for Cephalus thou woulde
Ychosen him: saue that thy former rape doth thée withhold.
If Phœbe bewe him once,
that all suruayes with eye?
My Phaon shall be quickly forste
in slumber long to lye.
In Iuorie Wagon would
dame Venus, to the starres:
Borne him: but that she feard he would
haue coyde the God of Warres.
O thou that neyther art
a boy, nor man in sight,
But aptest age: of all thy race
the most excellent wight,
Come hither, come, and to
my bosome make retowre:

No loue I craue in faith of thée,
but thée to loue the powze.
I wzite and from my chéekes
the deawie teares distill:
Beholde how many blots they cause
in Sapphos dolefull bill.
If néedes thou wouldst haue gone,
yet this allow foz true:
Thou mightst haue sayde at parture, O,
my Lesbian Lasse adue.
But now no teares of mine
ne latter kisse thou had:
Ne (to be shozt) of such mishaps
as are befall, I dzad.
With me is nought of thine,
saue wzong yleft in déede:
Ne gaue I warning that thou hadst
of faithfull loue the méede.
I gaue thée no pzeceps,
noz would haue done a iot:
But made a sute that Sappho might
at no time béene fozgot.
By loue, that neuer farre
may from thy bzeast astart:
And sacred sisters nine (my saincts)
whom I embzace with hart,
I sweare: when one exclamde
(I wote nere who to mée)

And sayd now Sappho iogges thy ioy,
thy Phaon now doth flée:
I had no teares to shed,
my lippes did language lacke,
Mine eyes did want their gushing teares
my fottring tongue it stacke
Unto the rouse, and yse colde
my fearefull breast did racke.
When griefe was somewhat swagde,
and sorrow gan to slake:
I howlde with rotne locks, and with
my fist my bodie strake:
As doth the louing Dame
that to the Temple beares
Hir babe hir corps without sense
and bathes his Tombe with teares.
Charaxe my brother ioyde,
and often past before
My face, and to and fro did fet
to make my dole the more,
And to encrease my shame,
would wit my cause of wo:
And say, why weepes this woman? why?
hir daughter liues I trowe.
Oh, shame and earnest loue
can neuer well agrée:
Howe there with open breast I stode
the Vulgar folke did sée.

Thou

Thou Phaon art my carke,
my dreames reduce to minde
Thy countnance: dreames which clearer than
the shining Sunne I finde.
I méete thee oft in sléepe,
though thou be nothing nie,
But of this sléepe the slipper ioyes
so soone away doe flie.
Full oft vpon thine armes
my lodging neck I lay:
And then me thinks thy head as much
my limber armes doe stay.
I know thy kisses well,
and am not nowe to séeke
How thou were wont to smack thy wench,
and she to doe the léeke.
I play the wanton Gyzle
sometime, and séeme with thée
To chat, and thinke my slumbring sense
awaked wide to bée.
I blush to tell the rest
that followes, but there is
Naught left vndone that brédes delight,
I could not Phaon misse.
But when that Titan splayes
his face, and all beside:
I make complaint that winged sléepe
so soone away did slide.

To Groues and Caue I trudge,
as though they did me good:
The Caue and Groues that witnesse ther
in place of pleasure stood.
Inragde I thither runne,
as doth the frantike fro
Whome fell Erichtho hath in chase,
my locks at random go.
There platnely I discrie
with rotten Tothe yspred
A place that earst in lieu was
to me a better bed.
I finde the Wood where we
with boughest and gallant greanes
yshadowde haue full often laine
among the flittring leanes.
The owner is alack
both of the place and mée:
The place is but a filthy soyle,
the place his dowze was hée.
The twifolde turning turfe
I know it very well,
And grasse, with bended head to grounde
that with our tumbling fell.
I layde me grouse vpon
thy wonted side: the banck
(A pleasant plot of pleasure earst)
my flushing teares it drank.

Againe

Againe the naked boughes
(their garments layde in grounde)
Did ſéeme to mourne, no mirrie fowle
did vſe his warbling ſoundę.
The wofull Dame alone
that fowly was awroke
Vpon hir ſonne that Itis highte
in dolefull dittie ſpoke.
The chyrping fowle hir childe,
but Sappho wayles hir loue,
Forlorne Lalle: when all things elſe
the ſlumbers ioyes doe proue.
A Chriſtall well there is
than ſhining Glaſſe more ſhęere,
A holy ſpring, ſome demen that
ſome ſacred Saint is there.
A watrie Lotos ſpreades
his ſprayes athwart the well:
And all about with tender Sedge
the grœniſh grounde doth ſmell.
Where wofull wight, when I
had layde me on the graſſe:
Eftſoone a ſtripplíng did appęere,
a proper boy it was.
Ye ſtode him ſtill and ſayde:
what meanſte thou (Nymph) I pray
To frie with ſuch vnegall flames?
to Ambrace go thy way.

There Phœbus from aloft
the open sea doth face:
Leucadium men they say, or elſe
Actæum terme the place.
Deucalion thence inragde
with Pyrrhas loue did fall
Of purpoſe, and he naytheleſſe
ſuſtaynd no hurt at all.
And ſtraight conuerſed loue
forſoke his ſwelting breaſt
That was yorencht: and ſo good man
Deucalion came to reaſt.
Huth is the place his powre
and hidden force by kinde:
Go thither in poſt, and ſkip adowne,
let feare not moue thy minde.
He vaniſht with his voyce
I roſe me vp againſt:
And all to bainde my cheereleſſe cheekes
with teares that flushed faſt.
I (Nymph quoth I) will trudge
vnto the bidden place:
Let raging loue haue force and powre
all feare away to chaſe.
What fortune ſo befall,
will better preſent plight:
O gentle ayre beare vp my corps
that now is paſſing light.

And thou (O frændly Loue)
come vnderset thy wing:
Least if I die, defame vnto
Leucadian goulfe doe spring.
Then I to Phœbus will
my pleasant Lute bequeath:
And brauely cause to be ingraude
this Verse or two beneath.
O *Phœbus*, this hir Lute
hath *Sappho* left to thee:
For in that Arte she during life
and thou did well agree.
Fye (Phaon) why dost thou
me to Acteum driue:
And thou thy selfe mayst make returne
and saue thy loue aliue:
More healthfull than the flood
of Leucas thou mayst bee:
And by thy beauties seemely shape
Apollo vnto mee.
And canst thou (oh) more harde
than rocke, and ruthlesse waue
If so I die the title of
my death indure to haue:
Ah, how much better might
my breast conioyne with thine,
That thus be cast from craggie cliffe
to Sea of surging brine:

That selfe same breast which thou
commended hast so oft:
And which with passing wisdome fraught
thy selfe (friend Phaon) thought.
Now would I were faconde,
but dolour hinders Arte:
And all my wit is me bereft
by long enduring smart.
My wonted vaine in verse
is ouergrie become:
My lowring Lute laments for woe,
my Harpe with dole is dombe.
Yée Lesbian Lasses all
that border on the Lake:
And ye that of the Æolian towne
your names are thought to take,
Yée Lesbian Lasses (that
for cause I loude you sore
Bréede my defame) vnto my Harpe
I charge you come no more.
Loke what did like you earst,
of that is Phaon sped:
Alas poore wretch, my Phaon I
had very neare ysed.
Cause Phaon to retire
and then your Poet will
Reuert againe: t'is he that doth
both make and marre my skill.

What: doe my prayers prevayle,
or pierce his stely brest:
Or is he standing stiffe at stay,
a retchlesse rigorous guest:
Or doe the puffing winds transport
my wordes into the west:
The gale that hence convaies
my voyce, oh that it might
Reduce thy fleeing Barck againe.
and bring thy ship in sight.
O overlingring Lad,
in faith if thou were wise
Thou wouldst attempt to make returne
and folow mine advise.
What: wilt thou come: or no:
we for thy ship prepare
Our vowed giftes: why doth thy stay
enforce our hearts to care:
Avale and lose thy Barcke,
take seas for Venus shée
That came of seas, will calme the surge
come off the gale will bée
As friendly to the comming keale
as thou wouldst wish to see.
At Helme will Cupid sit,
and steare thy ship to lande:
He both will hoyse and hale the sayles
with skilfull Boateswanes hande.

Or

Or if thy pleasure bée
from Sappho farre to trudge:
(Who neuer did deserue so yil
of thée, thy selfe be iudge.)
At least let cruell lynes
will hir vnhappie wench
Vnto Leucadian fourde to flée,
and there hir corps to drench.

¶ The Argument of the xviij. Epistle, entituled Leander to Hero.

LEander looude a Lasse that Hero hight
And dwelt in Sest, the channell did deuide
Their countries so, as Sestus was in sight
Of Abydon, that stoode in th'other side.
Nightly the youth to Hero shoope his way,
And woulde returne againe before the day.

At length the tempest rose, the windes did blo,
The waters wrought so roughly as they coulde,
That seauen dayes space Leander might not go
To Sestus shore, as he was wont of olde:
But yet by chaunce a Mariner there went,
By whome these lines vnto his loue he sent.

Wherein he shewes his Loue and faythfull hart,
Wherein he plaines against the troublous Tide,
And vowes at last (all dreade yset apart)
To swim the seas, that he before had tride:
He rather chose to hazard life, than dwell
A weeke or two from hir he looude so well.

The

The.xviij.Epistle.

Leander to Hero.

From Abydon these lynes
Leander doth endite,
And health to Hero sendes, which he
would rather bring than write.

If Neptunes waters were
with frendly Gods agréede:
There were no choyse for thée to chwse,
but thou my wordes shouldst réede,
But Gods withstand my wish,
and kéepe my hope areare:
That will in no wise giue me leaue
to flit vnto my feare.
Thy selfe dost see the skies
with pitchie cloudes so blacke,
And waltring waues so tost with winde
as shippes are nie the wracke.
Yet one, than all the reast
more bolde, by whome I send
These lynes, to Sestus by the Seas
did dare his course to bend,
With whome Leander would
haue bene imbarked faine:
Had not Abydos giuen the gase,
and séene his shipping plaine,
I could not kéepe the fact
hid from my Parents eye
As earst I had, but that they would
my lurcking loue descrie.

At length I toke my Quill,
wherewith I might endite,
Go blisfull scroll to Heros handes,
than snowe (quoth I) moze white.
First will she thée receyue,
and after touch with lip
When she with teth shall go about
the signed seale to rip.
These whispering wozdes I spake
in soft and silent sozt:
The reast my wziting hande did will
my paper to repozt
That hande wherewith I would
moze rather swimme than wzite:
And cut the waues from dzenching gouls
my flitting cozps to quite.
Than fist that fitter is
to clap the flod that floes:
And yet will serue my turne right well
my secretes to disclose,
Now seauen nightes are ypast
since Neptuns rage begunne:
A yeare well nie it séemes to mée,
so slow the time doth runne.
If any pleasaunt nap
oz quiet sléepe mine eyes
In all this place surpzisde: let Seas
persist in yzefull wise.

Sitting

Sitting in dolefull dumpe
vpon a rock, I sée
Thy strond, my soule is present where
the carkasse may not bée.
Beside in Turrets top
a Lambe I did discrie:
Or else mine eyes were foule deceyude,
and toke their marke awrie.
Thrise laide I downe my robes
to safe and sandie shore:
And naked thrise assayde to swimme,
as oft I had before:
But swelling waters made
me of my purpose faile,
And by the force of froward streames
did drench me top and taile.
Oh waywardst of the windes,
of Æols Impes the wurst:
Why dost thou shewe thy selfe to mée,
so cruell and so curst:
I, not the surging Seas,
of this sustaine the smart:
This were ynough if thou of loue
hadst neuer felt the dart.
For though with colde thou quake,
yet canst thou not denie,
But that with Orithias flame
thy frostie flesh did frie.

When

When thou wast fully bent
Dame Venus sportes to trie:
If any had restrainde thy course
thou wouldst haue lookt awrie.
Oh, (Boreas) tame thy wrath,
rebate thy raging yre:
So Æole giue thée nought in charge
but as thou wouldst desire.
My sute is all for nought
my labour is in vaine,
He doth not séeke the tossed waues
to maken smooth againe.
Would Dedall would allowe
me wished wings at will:
Though by such sleight his sonne into
the neighbour waters fill.
What fortune so should chaunce
Leander would abide:
To fine his fethered corse might flée
on waues that wont to slide.
But whilste I am debarrde
by wrath of waue and winde
To sorrow Seas: I doe revoke
my passed ioyes to minde.
When Phœbus gan to fall,
and gaue his siluer place:
(I toy to thinke) my Fathers lodge
I fled with spéedie pace.

And

And streight with shifted robes
all dread I did remoue:
And in the flood I flong mine armes,
the Delphins Arte to proue.
The Moone did shine as light
as any Sunnie day:
As one that would with all hir powre
assist me in the way.
I casting vp mine eyes
on hir that clearly shinde:
Said. Mercy (Moone) thy Mariner:
call Latmus hill to minde.
Endymion thée denies
to beare a ruthlesse hart:
Wherefore to these my secret stealthes
thy friendly face conuart.
Thy selfe (a Goddesse) didst
a mortall Wight imbrace:
And thée, whome I pursue, is euen
a Goddesse for hir face.
I leaue hir thewes vntoucht,
wherein she may compare
With heauenly peeres, such feature falles
on earthly creatures rare.
Haue Venus passing shape,
and thine vnspotted face
Is none whom thée ne doth excell,
thy selfe discerne the case.

How

How much thy golden Lampe
(when thou thy pride dost show)
Surmountes all other streaming starres
that in their circles glow:
So farre surpalleth shée
eche other mortall wight:
And if thou doubt thereof, good faith
deluded is thy light.
Such wordes I did pronounce,
or not vnlike to these,
Whilst I by night directed course,
amid the yéelding Seas.
The water glistred with
rebound of Phœbes rayes:
And night for clearenesse might compare
euen with the brightest dayes.
No voyce I heard with eare,
but euery thing was husht:
Saue whilst my body brake the waues
the troubled water rusht.
Alcyones alone
did vse a pleasant note:
And did recorde Ceycus loue
with sweéte and warbling throte.
At length my handes gaue vp,
mine armes coulde worke no more:
Then stode I on the waues aloft,
and cast mine eyes to shore.

No sooner saw I light:
my loue is yonder way
(Quoth I) that coast doth harbour hir
on whome my life doth stay.
Then streight my strength renude,
mine armes had strength againe:
Me thought (than earst) the foming Seas
I swarm with lesser paine.
The ardent gleames I bare
in close and louing breast,
Would not permit that I should be
with watrie colde oppressed.
The more I came to shore,
or did approch the lande:
Me thought I could a greater charge
of swimming take in hande.
But when I came in sight
that thou mightst take the bewe:
Thy gladsome lookes my fainting lores
with comfort did renewe.
Then shewde I all my skill,
to fede thy hungrie eyes:
And, for thou mightst decerne mine armes,
I heaude them to the skyes.
The from the flowring fourde
thy Nurse could scarce restraine:
With fixed eye I marke it well,
and saiwe it passing plaine.

Whom

Wil home though the Hag withheld,
as was in hir to dwe:
Yet with the swelling tide thou wettste
the leather of thy shwe.
And clasping mée in armes
didst kisse Leander oft:
Such kisses as of Gods by Seas
were worthie to be sought.
And from thy shoulders gaunte
mée garments of the best:
And driedst my heare that was bédewde
and with the waues oppresst.
The reast, thy guiltie towre,
the night, and we doe knowe:
And Phœbe with hir friendly Lampe
that did my passage showe.
The nights surpassing ioyes
no bett may be discryude,
Than Hellespontus waltring waues,
that Helles like depryude,
How shorter was the space
on Venus to bestow,
We toke the greater héede that it
in ydle might not go.
Thus weares away the night,
and Lucifer the starre
Declares that Tythons louing spouse
(Aurora) is not farre.

Then

Then forging dolefull plaints
that Nox hath runne hir race
With ouer hastie foote, our friendly kisses walke apace.
But when the crabbed Nurse
beginnes to chide and chowze,
With heauie heart I take my course
to seawarde from the Towze.
At parture both lament,
to Helles goulfs I goe:
And whilst mine eyes will giue me leaue,
to thée my lookes I throwe.
In faith vnto thy stronde
I like my swimming well:
But backwarde when I bende my course,
it likes me neuer a dell.
And certes, when I come,
the middle sea séemes plaine:
But rough and full of hanging hilles
when I retire againe.
And (little wouldst thou think)
I stay against my will
In Abydon: long to I lodge
with thée in Sestus still.
Oh Gods, why should the surge
two lincked harts deuide:
Why they that are of gréeing mindes,
one hostage are deuide?

Elle

Else I with thée in Sest
would make a long sojourne:
Or thou with me to Abydon
shouldst shape a quick retourne.
I force not on the place,
so we yfeare may dwell,
Thou lowste my Abydos, and I
thy Sestus like as well.
Why doe I cease to swim
for raging waters yze:
Or why the roring winde (a slen-
der cause) makes me retyze:
Now crooked Delphins know
the faithfull heart I beare:
All other kinde of scaly fish
will for Leander sweare.
With passing to and fro
I haue a path ymade
In waters, as the Tartes are wont
where chiefly lyes their trade:
Which could not come to passe
with sitting now and than:
That now for windes I can not doe
the like, I curse and ban.
Now drenched Helles flood
is so with tempest tost:
As Hulkes in harbour hardly saue
them selues from béeing lost.

When

When she poze sely wench
by waters lost hir life,
I iudge that tho th'infamed waues
were at a semblant strife.
This goulfe hath hate ynough
and shame foz dzowning one:
Wherefoze it may the better let
Leanders life alone.
I spite at Phrixus fate
that on the golden Ramme,
These fretting seas in spite of waues
and surges safely swamme.
But I will neyther shæpe,
noz ayde of ship require:
If so the waters would be such
as swimmers would desire.
No fozraine helpe I craue,
so waues go not to rough:
My selfe will be the passage Boate
and Bargeman well ynough.
I will be neyther Beare
direct my steareleste ship.
My loue such publicke pæuish starres
esteemes but as a chip.
Let those that list beholde
Andromede the fayze:
The golden crowne, oz Parrhasis
that shines in Nozthzen ayze:

Leander makes no coumpt
of any of their light:
No not of hir whom Perſeus choſe
or Bacchus for delight.
Another ſtarre I haue
ſurmounting all the reſt:
That will not ſée mine earneſt loue
with darckſome clowde oppreſt.
Whereon when I ſo gaze,
to Colchos Launcher bounde
As Iaſon did, I trauell could,
or to a further grounde.
I would in ſlitting farre
Palæmons cunning paſſe:
Or Glaucus that became a God
by taſting of the graſſe.
Mine armes doe often ake
with ſundring of the waue:
That ſcarcely can I ſwim to ſhore
my wearie corps to ſaue.
But when I ſay (good chéere,
you ſhall not faile your hire,
And for your paine eftſones you ſhal
to Heros necke aſpire.)
Then wonted valiant force
beginnes to growe againe:
And like a Courſer forth I thruſt
that would be formoſt faine

Thus I my burning flames
reserue in couert brest:
And thée pursue of heauenly flame
as worthie as the best.
Yet though thou well deserue
a heauenly wight to bée:
Demour in earth or make me shows
how I may come to thée.
I sée it thence procédes
that I thée seld enioy:
And thence it comes that with my minds
the wrathfull seas annoy.
What gaines Leander though
the passage be but small:
For him it were as good that these
were wydest Seas of all.
I somewhat doubtfull stande,
what first to wishe or crane:
To be so nigh, or farther off
both loue, and hope to haue.
The nearer I approch,
the more my flame doth glēde:
I lacke the thing I most desire,
though Hope mine humor fēde.
I may welnigh with armes,
so neare it is) imbrace,
And not enioy: which makes the teares
oft times embrue my face.

I may my lotte compare
with Tantals hungrie loze:
That hath both foode and liquor by,
yet famine bytes him soze.
What shall I neuer straine
thée in my folded armes
But when the water list: redresse
is none for those my harmes:
And since no suretie may
in winde and waues be found,
Shall all his hoped trust in waues
and winde Leander ground:
If tempestes thus doe rage
whilst Æstas is in place:
How will they roze, when watrie signes
shall shewe their stormie face:
Or else I doe not knowe
my fonde and witlesse rage:
Or else euen then I shall my corps
vnto the goulfe ingage.
And least thou should surmise
my painted promise vaine:
My déede shall well approue my wordes
within a day or twaine.
Ere many nights shall passe,
(in spite of Neptunes powze)
I minde to swimme the swelling seas
Leander dreades no showze.

For eyther will I liue,
and Heros loue enioy:
Or by my death of carefull loue
abandon all annoy.
And so it sorte I die,
this onely bone I craue,
My carkasse to be cast on lande
with thée his Hierse to haue.
I know thou wilt both touch,
and eke deplore the same:
And say (Leander) I thy death
against my will did frame.
This fell abodement may
perhappes offend thy hart:
And these forespeaking lynes of mine
encrease thy silent smart.
Let all such fancies go,
helpe (Hero) to requeste
That waltring waters may be calme,
and belking Seas at reste.
Small time of truce will serue
to bring me to thy shore:
When I am there let Neptune frowne,
and ruthlesse chanell rore.
There may Leander make
a safe and sicker stay:
His shippe no surer harbour can
nor Barck haue better Bay.

Let Boreas mée include
where I so faine would bée:
And then Leander loth to swimme
from Sestus thou shalt sée.
I will not then go scolde
with déeffe Seas as tofore:
Ne yet that waters are vniust
in wonted wise deplore.
Let Heros armes withholde,
let windes enforce my stay:
Let double cause preuaile to stop
Leander if they may.
When tempest shall permit,
to Sestus will I hie:
Sée that thy Lampe be burning aye
for feare I swimme awrie.
The while receyue my lynes
I wrote with quaking pen:
Ere long my selfe will be with thée,
if Fortune say Amen.

¶ The Argument of the xix. Epistle, entituled Hero to Leander.

WHen Hero had Leanders lines receyude,
his louing letters read, and throughly scande:
His faithfull hart and constance she perceyude,
Which made hir write againe with willing hande.

Sometime for sluggish him the Wench controlde,
To shewe hir selfe a louing Lasse in deede:
Sometime she biddes him not to be to bolde,
Nor hasten more to Sestus than were neede.

Now cries she out against the mounting waues,
And craues a calme at cruell Neptuns hande:
And by and by with Æolus she raues,
And Boreas blamde, that did hir loue withstande.

Sometime she dreades least she forlorne weare,
(As common trade of louers is to do:)
But last of all she willes him to forbeare,
And not to come whilst windes did bluster so,
And waters warde, that perill was to passe
The cursed streame where Helle drenched was.

Hero to Leander.

THye healthy thou sent in wordes,
that I may haue in déede
Doe way (Leander) all excuse
and come thy way with spéede.
All stay tormentes me sore,
that doth my ioyes expell:
And mercy, since I doe confesse,
I loue thée passing well.
We both doe burne alike
and frie with egall flame:
But I am weakest of the two,
my nature willes the same.
As womens corse is faint,
so are their mindes not strong:
If thou doe not repaire at once
I shall be deade ere long.
You men contrive the time
and lothsome tide away:
In tillage of your soyles
sometime you hunt the day.
Sometime at open barre
you pleade a Clyents case:
To Tennis now, and then with boyles
you runne a lustie race.
Sometime you pitch for foule,
for fish you lay your line:
And when the day is spent and gone,
you fall to quaffing wine.

Now

Now I can none of these
though lesser were my flame:
Thy Hero can doe nothing else
but cleape hir louers name.
And that which sole remaynes
(Leander) that I proue:
And, more than any wight would déeme,
I rage with ardent lone.
Or I with Beldame nurse
doe sit, and chat of thée,
And doe not little muse what should
thy cause of lingring bée:
Or séeing seas to surge
by meane of windie flawes:
In thy behalfe I check the windes
with wide and weakfull lawes.
Or when the calmed seas
haue somewhat quayde their powre:
I say thou mayst, but wilt not come
to Heros wonted towre.
Amid my griefull plaintes
the saltish teares gush out
By streames: which crooked nurse doth wipe
and dries with Linnen clout.
Oft times I séeke in sandes
where I thy steps may finde:
As though the foote once gone, the print
would aye remaine behinde.

I aske when any came,
or any mindes to goe
To Abbydon: to fine I might
thy ſtate by writing know.
What ſhould I ſpeake how oft
I kiſſe with louing lip.
The robes which tho thou left ſtill behinde
when thou to ſea didſt skip:
Thus when the day is ſpent,
and night our friendfull tide
Hath baniſht Phœbus from the Pole,
and ſtarres doe ſhew their pride:
In ſtately turrets top
a blaſing Lampe I ſet:
Whereby thou wonted are my ſhore
and perillous ſtronde to fet.
Then I to paſſe the time
in haſte to Seſtos comme
An Arte which women vſe the griefes
of yrkeſomes ſtayes to ſhonne.
O that thou knewſte my wordes,
that I pronounce the while:
Leanders name is all my talke,
Leander is my ſtile.
How thinke you (Nurſe) is he
by this come out of doore?
Or doth he ſtande in dreade of ſcowles
that on his paſſage poore?

Hath

Hath he remoude his robes?
(good Beldame tell thy minde)
Or oyle his bentrous careleſſe corps
as ſwimmers wont by kinde?
With that ſhe giues a nod,
not for ſhe heares my talke:
But drowſie ſlumber ſo procures
hir gogling head to walke.
And then I pauſe a ſtounde:
then (now he ſlitts) I ſay,
And with his well approued armes
he beates the waues away.
Then ſpinne I for a ſpace,
and twiſt a threede or twaine:
And where thou be in middle Seas,
to learne I am full faine.
Sometime I giue the gaze
where I may ſee thee ſwimme:
And then we pray that Neptune will
not ſhewe his cheare to grimme.
Sometime we heare with eare
a noyſe that makes vs thinck,
That thou art then ycome to ſhore
and ſafe to Seſtus brinck.
Thus when the greateſt part
of night is flitted by:
The ſlumbring ſleepe by ſecret ſtealth
inuades my wearied eye.

Then (gainſt thy will perhaps)
thou doſt with me ſojourne:
And (though thy ſelfe wouldſt faine diſlodge)
yet art thou here atournie.
For now I ſéeme to ſée
thée ſwimming in the flood:
And then to throw thy limber armes
on Heros back a good.
Another while with clothes
and wonted robes I hide
Thy moyſted limmes, and lay me downe
faſt by thy wiſhed ſide.
And other toyes to taſte
and other feates to frame:
Which though I ſoyde to put in vre,
my tongue to tell doth ſhame.
Oh me vnhappie wench
whoſe pleaſures makes no ſtay,
And falſed is: for thou with ſléepe
art wont to ſlip away.
O Lorde let vs that lone
at length with firmer lace
Inchaine our ſelues: let dreames no more
true pleaſures ſo deface.
Why haue I lodge alone
ſo many nights arowe
In colde and carefull couch: why doſt
thou proue thy ſelfe ſo ſlowe?

As

As nowe the waters are
to boysteous I confesse
For such as swim: but yesternight
Neptunus rage was lesse.
Why lettst thou slip that tide?
thou shouldst haue fearde the wurst:
And not haue stode in earnest hope
for better than the furst.
What though the weather shape
as well againe to swim?
Yet that, bicause it was the first,
of both I iudge it trim.
For seas haue sodaine chaunge,
the flod is altred sone:
And when thou willing art to come
thy course is soner done.
Ariude to Sestus shore,
no cause thou shouldst at all
Yane of regrete: thée in mine armes
what winter storme might gall?
Then I with gladsome minde
would heare the windes to rage:
And pray that Neptunus surging seas
their swelling might not swage.
But how befell you feare
your wonted passage so,
And dréede the goulfe you scornd ere this?
the cause I long to know.

For

For yet I will recorde
that when thou camste to Sest,
The Chanell was as rough, or nie
as rough as may be gest.
When I exclamde alounde,
(mine owne) be not to bolde:
Least I be forst to rue thy fate,
if I thy death beholde.
Whence comes this sodaine feare:
where is that courage now:
Where he that scornd the force of flouds
and waters wont to flow:
Yet naytheleste be wise,
not retchleste as thou were:
And swim in saftie if thou mayste,
if not a while forbeare.
So that thy faith be one,
as those thy lynes did showe:
And so that kindled flame of thine
to cynders doe not growe.
I dread not so the windes
that barre my wished ioy:
As least thy loue, will like the winde
exchaunge by chaunge of toy.
Of this I stande in awe,
least perill passe the gaine:
And least thou thinke, thy bootie farre
inferiour to thy paine.

Some

Sometime I quake for feare
least Abydon deface
My Seat, and least Leander thinck
his Hero farre to base.
But all I can indure,
with well contented will,
So that thou haue no daintie Dzab
thy pleasures to fulfill.
So that no strumpets armes
about thy neck depende:
Nor nouell loue procure thy first
and former flame to ende.
Oh rather let me die
than such a crime to know,
Let Heros liuely twist be shzid,
ere thou doe trespasse so.
Not for thou gauste me cause
of future griefe, I speake
In such a wise: no newe report
moues me my minde to breake,
Haue that I feare the worst,
who loues deuoyde of dzéede:
The place doth force the absent wight
oft times on feare to léede.
Oh happie Nymphes whome place
and presence makes to know
Committed crymes, and kéepes from feare
of things that are not so.

No

No lesse the forged fact
than wrong ydone in déede
Doth move our mindes: from both alyke
lyke dolour doth procéede.
Oh, that thou wouldste repaire
or else thy cause of let
From winds and grutching father mightst,
and from no woman set.
Which if I heard of trothy,
for grunting griefe I die:
And great will be thy guilt, if so
thy loue thou séeke to flie.
But more than néedes I dreade
thou wilt not so offende:
For churlish tempest is in fault
that will not let thée wende:
O Gods, what mounting floudst
doe driue against the shore:
How doth the darksome clowde inclose
and kéepe the light in store?
Perhaps the virgins Dame
is commen to the flood:
And for hir drenched dearling sheddes
hir saltish teares a good.
Or Ino béeing wore
a Seanymph but of late,
Turmoyles the Goulfe, that Helle brought
so lusty vntimely fate.

That

That floud doth nothing fréend
the Mayden sexe I know:
For there did Helle lose hir life,
where Heros hurt doth grow.
But (Neptune) waying well
and calling oft to minde
Thy former flames, me thinkes thou shouldst
not hinder loue by winde.
For Amymon can well,
and Tiro trie at néede,
That thou were truely toucht with loue
as we in stories réede.
Alcyone the fresh,
and Iphimedia faire:
Medusa on whose skull as then
there hoong no hissing haire.
Laodice the browne,
Cæleno fixt in skie:
Whose names I sundrie times haue read,
and séene with searching eye.
With these, and diuers else
(of whome the Poets write)
Thou (Neptune) chambred hast full oft,
and past in loues delight.
Why then that hast so oft
the valiant force of loue
Assayde, by tempest to forelet
our woonted course dost proue?

Cruell be calme awhile, wage warre where Seas be wide:
This is a slender Channell that two Countries doth deuide.
It better would beseeme a high and haughtie Roy,
To hoyse the Hulkes, to hoyle with Barks, or Naules to annoy.
Tis shame for God of Goulfe a swimming youth to sinck:
Eche little Lake this conquest would, and spoyle vnsitting thinck.
Ye is of noble bloud, not of Vlesses line:
At whome not vndeseruedly thou (Neptune) dost repine.
Giue leaue, at once saue two; for though he sole doe swim,
Yet in the selfe same tolling Tide my hope consistes in him.
Meane while the Torch (for by a Torch I sit and wrote)
Doth happer a bitterfull signe that all shall not succesle a right.
Behold how Beldame poures the wine into the flame:
And sayes (to morrow we shall be mo) and drinkes vpon the same,

Oh,

Oh, come by sliding seas,
increase the tale by one:
Thou whome I fix in faithfull breast,
and let delayes alone.
Home to thy tents retire,
that seest thy friendly spouse:
Why doe I sole amid my cowch
my carefull carkasse rouse?
No cause there restes of dreade,
the bolde is sure of grace
At Venus handes: she that was bred
of floods will rue thy case.
My selfe oft times to meete
in middle Goulfe doe dare:
Save for the flood is friend to men,
not women wont to spare.
For why (when Phrixus with
his louing Sister came
By sea) did Helles onely giue
the gastly Goulfe his name:
Perhaps your dreade returne,
least force will faile you feare:
You stand in doubt you may not well
this double trauaile beare.
Wherefore make hast, and meete
thy friende amidst the flood:
And there aloft vpon the waues
shall kisses walke a good.

That done, let eyther to
his stronde reuert againe:
Thougy this were small, tis better some,
than nought at all to gaine.
Would eyther bashfull shame
that fædes this secret fire,
Or fearefull loue would yéelde to fame:
of both I th'one desire.
For yll they can agrée,
that neuer are at truse:
Th'one swéete, and th'other séemely is,
I wote nere which to chuse.
When Iason die ariue
at Cholchos carefull port:
Yée his Medea well imbarckt
did thence with spéede transport.
No sooner Priams sonne
to Lacedemon came:
Vnt streight he made returne to Troie
with famous Grecian dame.
But thou as often leauste
thy liked loue behinde
And doth repaire: and comste when shyps
may scarcely passe for winde.
Be naytheleste autside
(thou *Victor* of the seas:)
So scorne the flod as thou mayst feare
least Neptune thée disease.

Huge,

Huge, high, and haughtie Hulks,
yframde by Art doe sayle:
And canst thou deeme thine armes will maze
than shauen Ores prevaile?
The Pylates stande afright
the shelfes thou swimste to cosse:
For Barcks ybrosde, and shaken ships,
in such a sort are losse.
Oh mée vnlucky wench,
I would not thus disswade,
But be as bolde for all my wordes:
as is thy wonted trade:
So safely thou arriue,
and lay those armes of thine
Vpon my backe, that oft were beate
with sea of belking brine.
But I wote nere what colde
my quaking breast doth nomme,
As oft as to my restlesse minde
a thought of seas doth comme.
My last nights dreame tormente
and makes me sore afright:
Though I to Morpheus ere I slept,
had done my sacred right.
I creake of dawning day
when torchlight gan to saile:
(A tide when true vndoubted dreames
the slumbring corse assaile)

Out of my fléepie hands
the twisted twine did fall,
And to my penitue Pillow I
my head applyde withall,
And with vnfalsed fayth,
aed certaine sight I sawe
A crooked Delphin flit in flood,
ytoss with windie flawe.
Who when by drift of waues
and turning Tide was toss
To sandie shore: he both at once
his life and waters loss.
What so it be I dreade,
haue not in scorne my dreames:
Ne (yet vnlesse the waters serue)
commit thy corse to streames.
If selfecare all be past,
yet way thy friendly Mate,
Whose welth and welfare doth depende
vpon thy healthfull state.
I hope that yrefull seas
will shortly be at rest:
Then do thou breake the calmed waues
with safe and sicker brest.
Meanewhile, cause surge turmoilde
thy passage doth restraine:
Let louing lines ylent, abridge
some part of lingring paine.

¶ The Argument of the xx. Epistle, entituled

Acontius to Cydippe.

TO Delos, *where the rytes*
were done to Dians *grace*
Acontius *trauailde, many Nymphes*
and Maydens were in place.
A troupe to Temple came,
but one aboue the rest
(Cydippe *namde,*) *with louing dart*
did craze Acontius *brest.*
Who for he sawe the wight
vnegall in estate:
Surmisde he should not for his life
haue giuen hir the mate.
Yet naytheleſſe at length
he bourded hir with guile:
And in a goodly Apple did
incloſe this craftie stile:
By *Dians* sacred rites
and mysteries I sweare,
That I will make repaire to thee
and be thy friendly Feare.
In Temple at hir feete
he floong the flattering frute
She tooke it vp, and read the rymes
Cydippe *woxe as mute.*

The Argument.

As fish, and Scarlet red
bir lillie Cheekes became:
For hauing made a vowe she knewe
she shoulde obserue the same.
For what so was behight
before Dianas face,
By commen order was decreede
should take effect and place.
Hir father after this
vnwitting of the othe
His daughter made, Cydippe to
another did betrothe.
Meanewhile the sillie wench
with Feuers was oppresst,
And felt a thousande furious fits
ybreeding hir vnrest.
Acontius in his lynes
induceth hir to think
This Feuer falne by Dians wrath,
for cause she sought to shrinck.
And false hir plighted faith
in presence and in place
Of all those Sacred Saints, but most
of good Dianas grace.

The.xx.Epistle.

A contius to Cydippe.

ABandon dreade, for to thy louer thou
shalt frame no farther hest ne swere again:
Thy once ingaged faith I recke ynough.
Read & suruay my lines: so may this griefe
And languor leaue thy corps, which is my tene
When any limme of thine sustaineth smart.
Why blush you? and why with Vermilion taint
Be flecke your chéekes? in Dians temple so
I déeme thy face with scarlet hue infect.
Marrige and plighted troth, no crime I craue:
I loue not as a Letcher, but a spouse.
Reuoke to minde the wordes in Apple graude,
Which to thy guiltlesse handes I did proiect.
There shalt thou finde confirmde by solemne oth,
That I require: vnlesse both fixed faith
And wordes at once out of thy breast are fled.
Euen as I drad in déede, the Goddesse frettes.
O Nimph, thou rather than the Goddesse shouldst
Stand mindefull of thy hest and promise made:
And now I feare the like. But oh to more
Hir raging force is growne, and flame increast
By lingring staye. And loue that neuer was
Slender, by yéelded hope in processe springs.
Thou gauste me hope, my loue lent faith thereto

That

That Dian witnesde thou canst not withsay.
She tho was prest, and noted well the wordes
And seemde with mowed tresse to giue assent.
Report that by deceite thou were intrapt,
Whilst Cupid did inforce me forge the fraude.
What ment my craft but to be linckt with thee?
That thou complainste, may well me reconcile.
Not guilefull I by vse, or nature am,
Ye thou (my wench) in fayth hath subtill made.
(If I did aught by Arte) with sleightfull wordes,
The wyly Loue hath fast with me inchained:
I knit the knot with wordes that he pronounst,
And craftie I by Cupid councell, wore.
Let guile sustaine the name, let me by saide
Subtille, if things be lowde to winne, be craft.
Beholde, I write a freshe, and frame request,
Another fraude wherein thou mayste complaine.
If I, in that I loue, annoy thee so,
Incessantly I will: and though thou bee
Full well auised, I will pursue thee aye.
Others by sword haue many Nymphes purloyned
And shall a letter forgde by craftie sleight,
To me as heynous crime obiected bee:
Gods graunt I thee in falser knot may chaine.
As thou mayst neuer finde a wan to start,
Nor flie thy fired faith. A thousande tricks
There are, and I in that one trauaile toyle,
Nothing my loue permits vntride to goe.

Though

Though doubtfull be where thou wilt yéede or no,
(The ende is in the Gods,) but thou shalt yéelde,
And be entrapt, and forst in fine to bow.
Some toiles put case thou scapes yet al the grimes
Thou canst not passe with craftie Cupid pight:
Moe nettes there are than thou forseide to bée.
If Art may not availe, to armes we will,
And I will thée, as rape atchiude enioy.
I am not he that Paris fact controlle,
Nor any that such manlike parts haue playde.
And I. But now no more: though death ensue
This rape, should lesse aggrine than thée to lose.
Oh, would ỹ were worse featurde than thou art,
With reason then of me thou shouldst be sought:
Thy face doth me to valiance now procure.
Thou, and thine eyes (surpassing flaming starres,
Which were the causers of my glowing gleade)
In me this courage moues, and stoutnes stirres,
Thy yellow golden locks, thy yuorie necke,
Thy handes, of whom I long to be accold,
Thy feature, and thy blushing countenance
Denoyde of Rusticks grace: and fétes such as
With Thetis may compare, this boldnes breedes.
More fortunate were I, if all the reast
I might condignly prayse: but doubt I nought
But that the whole vnto his parts agrées.
By this thy forme enforst, no marvell though
I sought to haue thy parling voyce his pledge.

In

In fine, sith that thou art constrainde to yeelde
Thy selfe begnilde, be my deceitfull sleight
(O Virgine) be thou conquerde at the last.
Let me sustaine thye hate, and reape the fruite
For hatred so endurde: So heynous cryme
And blame why doth it want his earned hire?
Hesion Aiax, Briseis Achylles twoke,
And eyther of them their *Victor* did ensue.
Yée spare not to accuse, ne sticke to wrath
Me, so I may thée, angrie wight, enioy.
We that procurde the yze, will please the same
If neuer so little leysure be allowde,
And respite giuen to lessen swelling wrath
Let me besprent with teares tofore thy face
Stand, adding to my teares lamenting sounde:
And as the frequent vse of Vassals is,
When they oflashing scourge doe stande in awe,
(Grouke at thy féete, stretch out my yéelding hãds)
What? knowst ỹ not thy right? Wilfres powre?
Cite me. In absence why am I accusde?
As Ladies wonted, giue me in charge t'appéere.
Thou thou my tresses teare in stately sort,
And make my faces with buffets black and bleiwe:
Yet all I will endure, fearing but that
My bodie should thy tender fistes annoy.
In Chaine or Giue tis néedelesse me to binde
Inlasse in lotie, that haue no powre to flée.
When so thy wrath with wreake shal be repleate,

And

And anger be reuedgde: thy ſelfe ſhalt ſay
Oh God, how pacíently the man doth loue?
Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſay (when I haue all endurde)
My ſeruaunt thou that ſeeuſte ſo well ſhall bée.
In abſence why am I (vnluckie) déemde
Guiltie? and thnugh my cauſe be paſſing good
Yet for default of Patrone goes to wracke?
The bill that Cupid wrote, and gaue in charge,
It is my wrong and práctiſde iniurie,
This onely fact in me thou muſt reproue.
Dian with me deſerued not the bob,
If ſo the thing to me thou haſt behight
Thou loth to yéelde, let Delia beare the ſame.
For béeing préeſt ſhe ſawe when thou intrapt
Didſt bluſh, in mindfull eare the words ſhe plaſt
Abodements laide apart more fiercer than
Diana, (when ſhe ſées hir Godhead wrongde,)
There is not any God, nor halfe to ſterne.
The Calydonian Boare can well recorde:
For by his meane, how cruell was the Dame
Unto hir ſonne, we haue full often read.
Witneſſe Actæon eke, that fedde hir Houndes
That earſt with them had ſundrie quarries made.
The haughtie Mother two to Marble turnde,
In ruthfull ſort that in Migdoni ſtandes:
Aye me (Cydip) I dreade the troth to tell,
Leaſt I be thought for gadding of my cauſe
Falſe matter to alledge: yet néedes I muſt

Now

Now plead the same. This in the cause (in sayth)
That thou at Nuptiall day art so diseasde,
Unable from the sickle Couch to rise.
Dian would doe thée good, and paines hir soze.
Least ỹ shouldst be sozswozne: she gladly would
The sicklesse, and vnbzoken Yest reserue.
Thence it pzocéedes (as oft as thou dost séeke
To swarue thy sayth) ỹ she thy carkasse plagues.
Leaue off to syzre the cruell Virgins bowe:
Yet if thou wilt to ruth she may be bzought.
Spare thou thy cozse with Feuers to molest,
Reserue thy featurde face foz me to vse:
That countnance kéepe, to set my heart on flame
My nature made, where Rose with Lilie strines
So sare my foe, and who so else doth barre.
Thée to be mine, as the diseasde I liue.
My griefe is one, oz when thou linckest with
An other wight, oz séelde tozmenting téene,
I wote not which I reck the wozst of both.
Sometime it yzkes me that I bzéede thy dole
Déeming thy gryppes by my deceite to growe,
Pzaying the plague of periurie to redounde
On mée, that thou mightst by my scath escape.
And oft to wit, and vnderstand thy plight,
Doubtfull (God wote) I wander to and fro,
Thy Mayde at ynches suing and thy Man.
Demaunding how thy meate, and slépe auaile.
Wo me, that I the rules of Philick scozne,

And

And put them not in vre, ne wring hir wrestes,
Ne on hir couch for comfortes sake, doe lye.
And wo againe, that I absent me thence,
Another perhaps, whom I ns would, is preest.
He feeles thy pulses, and doth sit him downe
By thy diseased corse, hatefull to Gods,
And with the Gods of me detested tw.
And whilst w thumbe he feeles the leaping vaines
He straines by meane therof, thy snowish armes,
Handling thy breast, and by escheate perhaps
A kisse doth gaine of those thy sugred lips,
A greater guerdon than his paine deserude.
Who gaue the leaue my haruest to forereape?
Unto an others hope, who made thy way?
That bosome (friend) is mine, fowly from me
My kisses thou bereauste: wherefore do way
Thy flippant fist from that my pacted corps.
Unthrift, do way thy hands, the thing thou feelst
Is me behight: hereafter if thou doe
The like, thou shalt a Leachers name procure.
On single Nymphes, and not disposed Maydes
Make choyse: I would thou wist, this is posseest.
Beleeue not mee gine to the bargaine, eare,
And cause hir reade the writing, to this ende
Thou deeme hir not vntrue or false to bee.
Go from anothers bridall bed, I say,
What makes thou here? go pack, this knot is tide,
Put case thou haue a partie promise sake?

yet is the cause and mine vnegall farre.
Shée made me perfite vow: hir Sire the Nymph
To thée behight: but nearer than hir Sire,
Vnto hir selfe the fielie Mayden standes.
Hir father made a promise: she by othe
Conioynde hir selfe in league of stayde loue.
Ye witnesde men: Shee Dian did protest.
Ye dreades the name of Lyar to sustaine:
But she the blot of periurde tongue to beare.
Of both déeme thou which is the greater feare,
And last of both the perils to compare,
Respect the euents of both, and latter lot.
Shee lies disealde: he liues releast of wo.
And we with dispar mindes for hir contende
Ne hope to both, nor egall is the dread.
Thou forcest not the sute: more griefull were
Repulse to me than death: already I
Imbrace the Mayde, whom thou in future time
And after this mayst haue the hap to loue.
If iustice, or regarde of right did lodge
Within thy breast, ỹ to my flames wouldst yéelde
Now since this furious wight maintaines a strife
In wrongfull cause, (Oh Cydip) to what ende
Doe I to thée these fruitlesse lines indite?
Ye brédes thy dowle, and makes thée be suspect
Of Dian: him (if thou be wise) renounce.
Warre, and forbid him to approch thy lodge.
These perils by his meane thou dolst endure:

The

That would he might acquite thy corse from wo,
That forger is of these my pinching paynes
Whome if thou flée, and linck with him in loue
Whom Dian not condemnes: release of fits
Thy selfe shalt finde, and I shall be reuiude,
Virgin exile thy feare, doubt not recure.
Reuerence the temple where thou madste ẏ bowe
The Gods delight not with a slaughtred Ore,
But with a fayth performde without recorde.
Some women health to gaine and purchase ease,
Both scarring Launce, a scalding flame endure:
Other the bitter drench acquites of paine,
These néedlesse are to thée: flée periurie:
Thy selfe, thy Hest, and mée reserue at once.
Pardon of passed cryme by ignorance
Shall be procurde: quite from thy minde was fled
And plighted promesse quite thy thought exilde.
Thée both my wordes, and these thy present hays
Haue warned, which thy carefull corse assault
As oft as thou from pawned faith dost wrie:
When these are ouerblowne in trauayle thou
Wilt craue of hir, of baron to be well
And soone releast, and haue thy throwes abridgde.
Which she will heare, and rolling in hir minde
Will aske, who was the sielie infants Sire?
Thou wilt auow. She knowes thy Hest vntrue,
Thou wilt protest, and binde with sacred othe:
But she wottes wel thou canst the Gods beguile;

It nothing toucheth mée: yet greater hoe
I haue and carefull is my hart of thy
Indaungred life, that now in perill stands.
Why lately did thy doubtfull Parents mourne,
For thy distresse, whō thou thy crime concealdst?
And why are they vnwitting of thy guilt?
Cydip, thy dēedes deserude no shame at all.
Display in order thine acquaintance first
With me, as to Dian thou didst thy rytes:
And how, when first (if well thou didst attende)
I sawe thy face, I stayed, and gaue the gaze,
Vewing with staring eyes thy comely corse,
And whilst I muzde thereat (a sicker signe
Of frensie) from my back my vesture slid.
And after, how by hap (thou wottste not howe)
A rolling Apple trillde, with lines ingraude
Thereon, which were by subtile sleight deuisde:
Which beeing read by thée, in presence of
The sacred Goddesse, bound thy faith in bande,
Which, cause Diana heard must not be slipt.
And to the fine she made the writing know,
As earst thou didst, so reade the same againe.
Wedde (will she say) with my good will, to him
With whom ẏ blissefull Gods haue thée cōioynd,
Let be my sonne, whom thou to spouse hast tane,
Who so it be, shall like me, for he earst
Hath stoode in Dians grace. Thy Mother thus
Will say, if so that she thy Mother bée.
If who, and what I am, she makes demaunde,

Let hir beholde, and she shall well perceyue
That well for thee Diana hath purvayde,
The famous Ile (where the Coritian Nymphes
Did lodge of yore, inuironde with the Sea
Ægæum, Cæa cleaped is the soyle
Where I was bred: and (if thou doe account
Of gentils blood) my Grandsires were of fame.
And we are wealthie eke, our maners are
Not fraught wt shamful crimes, suppose ther wer
Nought else: yet loue hath shackled vs yfeare.
Unsworne thou mightst seleced such a spouse,
And neuer forst with such a husbande wed.
This is my dreame, Phœbe the Archeresse,
And Loue awakt, did will me write to thee:
Of whom th'ones darts haue thirled erst my hart,
Beware least th'others shafts doe thee annoy.
Our healthes are soynde in one: Rue on thy selfe
And me: why dost thou stagger both to eale:
Which if beta!, when blasted trumpe shal sound,
And Delos he with yéelded blond imbrude:
The golden Image of the blissefull fruite
Shall stande aloft, with cause in myter graude.

Acontius, *by the Apples forme recordes*
Th'insculped lines to haue bene brought to passe.

But least thy weakned limmes, and feeble corps,
Wy ouer long Epistle should molest:
To fine I may in wonted maner ende,
Aconce thy friend, biddes the (Cydip) adue.

T.ij. The

The Argument of the xxj. Epistle, entituled Cydippe to Acontius.

WHen Cydip saw hir furious fits increase,
And fretting Feuer grow to worse disease,
Then thought she verily that no release
Was to be had, vnlesse she mought appease
Dianas wrath: wherefore she thought it best
To stand vnto hir former plighted hest.

Then tooke she pen in hand, then gan she write
These following lines to Aconce, making showe
That she would yeelde, and banish rigour quite,
And pay the debt to him that she did owe:
Craving his helpe in peasing Goddesse yre,
That she to health the sooner might aspyre.

The

The.xxj.Epistle.

Cydippe to Acontius.

AFright in silence I thy lines survayde,
Least ỳ vnwares my tong to witnes should
Yaue callde the Gods, and for recordes appealde.
I dæme thou wouldst haue bourded me againe.
With craft, hadst ỳ not thought in iudging minde
One Yest (as thou confest) to haue suffisde.
Ne had I bewde thy lines and Letters sent,
But that I thought the yrefull Goddesse wrath
By duresse would to further rage increast.
For all that I can doe, though incense I
To Dian offer, yet she frændes thée more
Than reason willes she should: & as thou crauste
Credit to winne: so she with mindefull wrath
Upon my corse for thée awroken is.
So stiffely scarce by Hyppolyte she stode.
But she (a Virgin) rather would haue showne
Favor vnto a sielie Maydens yeares:
Which to abridge least she doe long I feare.
For why the cause of this my languor lurcks
And hidden lyes by Phisick not recurde,
So meager am I wore, so leane and bare,
As scarce I had suffycing force to write,
With leaning on mine Elbowe able scarce
My pined limmes and carkasse pale to raise.

Now dreade I least beside my Beldame nurse
Some one discrie our entercommoning.
To doore the gate she sittes, to askers how
I fare (that I may write) she sayes I sléepe.
But when within a space suspected is
Excessiue sléepe, and slumber ouer long,
And such the sées repaire whom to debarre
Were durelle: then she spits and giues a hem,
A feyned signe that some is at the doore.
I leaue my lynes vnperfite then for hast.
And to my bosome thrust the scroll eftsoone.
Forthwith in spéede I plie the same againe,
And set my hande and pen to former taske.
Which thing how yrkesome toyle it was to me,
Thy selfe mayst well deserne, and be the iudge.
Which thou (in sayth) hast passing yll deserude.
But thy merites and iust deserued hire
My ruthfull clemencie shall farre surmount.
By thée, vncertaine of dispaired healthy,
So oft by thy deceit I haue, and yet
Endure tormenting fits and troublous tene.
This is the god my vaunted beautie gaynes
So oft extolde by thée aboue the starres.
It me annoyes thée to haue likte so well.
If in thy sight I had deformed béene,
(which rather I could wishe) my blamed corps
In néede of Phisicks helpe had neuer stode.
Now being prayde I mourne by your discord

Betrayde:

Betrayde: my proper god doth forge my woe.
Whilst thou dost scorne to yeelde, and he repine
To lose his rome or be in second place,
Thou barrst his wish, and he doth hinder thine.
I like a ship am tost, whome Boreas blast
Into the chanell driues, but surge and tyde
Repelles to shore, from deeper forde againe.
And of my parents when the wished day
Arrines, excesse heate my limmes besiegde
And at the cruell marrige day) my dores
In yrefull rage Proserpina doth shake.
I blush & dread (though guiltlesse in my minde)
Least I by ought haue stirrde the Gods to wrath.
Some plead it commes by hap, and some surmise
This man to be dislikte of heauenly powres,
And fame of thée hath also hir report:
Some déeme in done by my inchauntments eke:
The cause is hid: my hurts to plaine appære.
Ye wage a restlesse warre and endlesse strife:
But I meanewhile am she that bide the smart.
I now will say as I was wont of yore,
By louing if thou thus annoy thy loue,
How wouldst thou hurt by hate the hated thing:
If whom thou loue thou hurt, go loue thy foe,
Wish me full yll to fare, and saue my life.
Or now of hoped spouse thou halse no carke,
Whom vndeserude, thou rushlesse letst to pine:
Or if in vaine thou to the Goddesse sue,

To me why dost thou so auaunt thy selfe
That standest nought in Dians grace at all?
Say what thou wilt, thou shalt not swage hir yre,
I cleane am out of thought: thou canst not, thou
Appease the Goddes thou art quite forgot.
Or would I neuer had, or not as then
Delos (that is inuironde with the sea
Ægæum) knowne: a haplesse Ile to mée.
Tho was my ship to surging Chanell brought
Vnluckily, sinister was the houre
Wherein I shoope to take the cursed seas.
How set I forth my foote? from Threshold with
What foote went I? or to my painted Barck
With what vnluckie foote did I repaire?
Yet twise with frowarde winds my ship recoylde,
And made retoure to shore: but oh I lie,
That winde was blissefull and no frowarde gale:
A blessed blast that brought me back to baye,
And went about to barre my haplesse course.
And would it had contended with my sayles,
And stoode in longer strife and greater warre.
But folly is the fickle windes to blame.
Moude with the place his fame, and fresh report,
To Delos I my hastie voyage shoope:
And in a nimble Barck did passe the flood.
How oft did I controll the sluggish Oares,
Complaining that the sayle clothes did not strout
But flagging flue, not stuft with gladsome gale?

To

Nowe Mycone, Tenos, and Andros I
Hast past, and Delos was discouerde plaine:
Which when I scride a farre. Ile why (quoth I)
Dost thou me flée: Where yet (as earst thou didst)
Dost thou in largie seas and Chanell rode
Aye fléeting to and fro? I came to lande
When day was put to flight, and Phœbus gan
His werie steades from purple wheeles discharge
Whome when he had to wonted rising brought,
Againe at morne (my mother giuing charge)
My comely tresses were in order laide,
And frisled locks in braueste maner trinde.
Hir selfe bespangde my hands in curious Gems,
And purlde my heare with golde: hir selfe applide
Unto my shoulders vesture passing fine.
Then issuing out to Rulers of the Ile
And sacred Gods incense with wine we gaue.
And whilst my mother with hir vowed blood
The Altar staines, and vowels broyles on coales
In ranges casting fume to loftie skies:
The buste carefull Nurse led me about
From place to place, frō Church to sacred Fane:
In Porches now I passe, now musing at
The gifts of kings, and sundrie sightes I sawe.
Then gasing on the Aultars made with hornes
And trée, gainst which the wandring Goddesse at
Hir time of bearing childe did rest hir corse:
And what beside (for I ne all to minde

Can

Can call, or lawfull is I say, to tell)
Was to be scene in deintie Delos tho.
Whilst I (Aconce) of these so straunehie sights
Was taking bewe thou me perhaps discridste:
Who for so simple was and voyde of fraude,
Did sitting seeme to be entrap of thée.
By steppes I came into a stately Church
Where Dian was: might any place more safe
Or sicker bee than where the Goddesse stode?
Tofore my féete the trilling Apple came
Gliding on paued ground whereas I sate,
Having this Verse ingraude. (Aye me well nigh
I had to thée another Yest ymade)
Which Weldame Nurce toke vp, & said (beholde)
Where I thy craft (O noble Poet read)
The name of marige read, blushing I felt
My chaunged chéekes to glow with sodayne flash.
In bosome fixed fast mine eyes I helde,
Mine eyes that workers were of thine intent.
Unthrift, why dosste thou ioy? what glorie hast
Thou gainde? what praise shalt ỹ (a mã) atchieue
By craft one sielie Virgine to deuoure?
Not I in armour cladde with Pollaxe stode
As ventrous Penthesilea did at Troie:
No Weld with Amazonian golde beset
Thou me hast reft, as Quéene Hyppolyte was.
Why leapst thou so for ioy? in that thy wordes
Haue sowly me beguilde, and I by dole

And

And subtill sleight, a sicly Nymph was tane:
Cydip an Apple toke, Atlanta did
The lyke: another Hyppomenes now thou art.
Woze beter were it if thou hadst béene thrall
Unto the Boy, who hath by thy repozt
(I wote not well) what flaming fierie brands.
After the guise of honest wightes (by fraude
Not to forzoe thy hope) I rather was
To béene intrested, than by craft intrapt,
Why thou ne me displeadst in time of sute
Such things as I in thée should haue belikte:
Why rather to inforce than to perswade
Wé didst thou chose, if thy condition reede
By me had powze to make thy bargaine sure:
What now to thée auayles the former othe,
And Goddesse prest for true recorde appealde
With tongue: it is the minde that makes the best
(Wherewith I neuer sware) it onely addes
Faith to the wordes, and makes the stable othe.
It is pretenced minde and purpose set
That bindes the bargaine sure: no bands auailes,
Or is of force without consenting thought.
If so it were my will to ioyne with thee,
Then spare thou not to claime thy marrige right.
But if I spake the worde and ment it not,
The forceleste wordes: nothing else thou gainst,
I sware not, but pronounst the wordes of othe.
I must not so select thée for my spouse.

Guile

Guile others so, certes if that be good
And take effect, the rich mans wealth bereaue,
Procure that Princes sweare that thou shalt haue
Their Scepters, & their soueraigne seates possesse
And let be thine what so the world enioyeth.
In faith thou dosse surpasse Diana farre,
If that thy letters haue in them inrolde
Such present Godhead, and auayling powre.
Yet when I haue thus sayd, and flat affirmde
Me not to be thy spouse, and pleaded haue
My promise in best forme that euer I may:
I graunt, I dread Dianas prefull wrath,
Déeming frō thence my grieful pangues to come,
That plague my wretched corse & limmes tormēt.
For why, as oft as spousals are addrest,
Languish my limmes ransackt wt deadly téene:
Thyrse Hymens clamour cōming to mine eares
Fled from my chamber doore, and did affart.
Scarce could he make th'infused flame to flash,
Scarce would the stirred brands & faggots burne
Oft frithes his head furnisht with garlands gay.
Annoynted dropt, and oft his Scarlet Robe
And costly vesture was in hand to d'on.
When he approcht the doore, and wayling sawe,
With flowing teares and feare of griesly death,
And other such abhorring his attire:
Straight from his forehead he the garlands flong
And from his perfumde locks the Oile did wring.

Shaming

Shaming with mirth amiddes so sadde a route
To rushe, his garments hue his face distainde.
But miser I with Feuers am attachte,
And frie with furning fittes: my vestures are
Woze weightie than they shoulden weightie be.
Upon my cheekes I see my parents showre
Their dzearie teares and saltish brine foz woe,
And sted of marrige wand, deaths bzōd appeares.
Thou Goddesse that in quiuerst dost reioyce,
And bended bowe, fauour a sickise Nymph,
And lende me nowe thy skilfull bzothers helpe,
To rid my cozse of this my bering smart.
Tis shame foz thee that he abandons grieke,
And thou dosse seeke the title of my death.
Where I vnwares approched haue the place.
Whilst ỹ didst bath thy chastful limmes in fowd:
Haue I, of all the Gods thy Altars left
And ouerpast withouten sacrifice:
Oz did my Dame the Lady Mother scozne:
I not aguilt, saue that I periure radde.
And skilfull was in an vnluckie verse.
Doe thou (vnlesse thy lone be fayned) cast
Incense foz me into the flaming fire.
The handes that hurt, let them my helpe procure.
Why she that frettes that I behight to thee
Am not thy spouse, makes that I can not be:
Hope well thou mayst whilst yet I liue & bzeath:
But (cruell) why bereues she me my life,

And

And thée dispoyles of thée well hoped bowte:
Harmlse not him whose wife I am assignde
And lotted spouse, my pained limmes to touch
And fæle with griping hande. Certes he sittes
Him downe by mée, as lawfull is to doe,
Minding my couch to be a Maydens lodge.
And I wote nére what he doth iudge of mée.
For oft the (cause vnknowne) he baines his breast
With showres of trickling teares: Not ouerbolde
He coyes me, and doth seldome kisse among,
Whispering with fearefull voyce, that I am his.
Ne maruaile I if he discrie my minde,
That doe my selfe so openly bewray.
When he repayres, I wyle me round about,
And vse no wordes, but winking fame to sléepe,
Shunning his lift that would me gladly touch.
He mournes & drawes his sighs frō silent breast,
And not aguilting hath my high disdaine.
Woe luckly thou that laughtste at my distresse,
And pleasure takste therein (if I could speake
And vse my tongue) shouldst my yll will acquire,
And haue my hate, that such a Panther pight,
By letter leaue and licence thou do I craue
To sée my wretched plight, and fæbled corse:
Farre off thou makste abode, and yet annoyst.
I not a little maruailde that thy name
Acontius was: in déede thou hast an edge
So sharpe as farre can lende a lurching wounde.

I

I scarce am yet recured of the hurt,
Ye like a Warre, thy lines haue scarde alwe.
Why wouldst thou hither come? a wretched corse
(Thy double spoyle committed) mayst thou sée.
My flesche is falne away, my colour fled
And bloudlesse is my face, a semblant hue
(As I remember) had the subtill fruite.
In visage wan, no scarlet redde appeares.
Of Marble picaure hewen but of late
Such is the forme: Such is the siners hue
At bankets that with silie waters toucht
In Basen cast, is pale for deadly colde.
If now thou sawste me, thou wouldst quite denie
Ye earst with eye of thine to haue bene séene.
And say: by Arte and subtile sleight, in soth
She not deserude to bene atchiude of me:
Sending me backe (for feare I should by othe
In marrige shocke with thée) my plighted helt:
Desirous that Diana would forget
And cleane put frō hir thought the bargain made,
Procuring eke perhaps contrarie othe
And quite repugnant to my former bowe,
Sending a nouell verse for me to bew.
Yet naytheleste (as thou hast longed earst)
I would thou sawste thy Wiser sponses plight,
And limmes with languor passingly oppresst.
(Aconce) more harder than the stubborne steele
Though be thy ruthleste breast, yet pardon thou

In my behalfe wouldst purchase me I knowe.
To shelve the meane howe I may be Cured
And come by health againe. At Delphos is
A God forespeaking things that are to come,
Displaying future fates, his counsell seeke.
He eke (as whispring fame doth flie) complaines
Of one (I woote nere whome) that broken hath
And scorned a promise made before recorde.
This both the God, the Prophet and my verse.
Declare, thy vowe doth want no verse his ayde.
Such favour howe shouldst thou procure? vnlesse
Some letter late deuised by thee, the haulte
And stately Gods had tane? Since thou dost stande
In grace and favour of the Gods so great,
I will ensue the name of heavenly powres,
And willing yeelde my handes vnto thy heste.
Vnto my Dame by my vnwitting tongue
Of plighted promesse I have made a showe:
She down to ground hir blushing countnance cast,
Loke what remaynes be thine the care: charge,
More than a Virgin should (for that my hande
Dread not to write these lines to thee) I did.
Now long-enough my sickly corse with quill
Wolested is, my pained hande denies
A farther dutie: What remaynes there now,
(Save that I long to tucke my selfe with thee)
For these my lines, bar thee to bid adue:

The Argument of the replie to the first Epistle, entituled Vlysses to Penelope.

VLysses hauing throughly scand
The earnest verse his wife did write:
Thought good and needefull out of hand
Hir louing letters to requite:
What so she did obiect to him,
The Greeke reanswerde very trim.

He quittes himselfe of all such blame
As by his wife imputed was:
He telles his worthie feates of fame,
And perils that he chaunst to passe.
And how the Prophet willde the Squire
In beggers habit to retire,
And that his wife alone shoulde knowe
Hir husband that disguisde him so.

Vlysses Replie to Pene-lopes *Epistle.*

Vnto Vlysses miser wight
good hap at length hath brought
The louing lines (Penelope)
thy hande in tables wrought.
I knewe thy friendly fist at first
and tokens passing well:
They were a comfort to my woes,
and did my sorrowes quell.
Thou blamest me of retchlesse sloth,
more better were perhaps
To linger, than to wrie my woes,
and tell the afterclaps.
Greece blamde me not for that ywis,
when I a furie fainde,
And made as though I had bene madde
with thée to haue remainde,
The earnest loue to thée (swéete hart)
and to thy bed I bare,
Procurde me tho so like a mad
and Bedlam wight to fare.
Thou wouldst not haue me write a whit,
but hasten home a pace:
Loe, when I thinke to come, my sayles
the froward windes doe chase

I loyter not in Troie, a towne
of Gréekish Girles deside:
For Troie is now to cinders come,
suppressed is hir pride.
Deiphobus is slaine, with sterne
Hector, and Asius eke:
And who so else did bréede thy feare
is conquerde by a gréeke.
I scapte the Thracian furious fights,
and hauing Rhesus slayne,
Upon the captiue chiuals came
into my Tents againe.
And safe from Pallas sacred Church
I stole, and did conuaye
The fatall relique of the Towne
Palladium awaye
Nor in the horse his hollow wombe
and bellie I adrad:
Although Cassandra (Troians) cryde
burne, burne, as she were mad.
Burne, in this fayned timber frame
the wilie Gréekes doe lurck:
That séeke this day poore Troians fall
and latter bane to worke.
Achylles honour of his graue
and tombe was like to lack:
Had I to Thetis not conuayde
Achylles on my back.

Ne did the Grækes (I thank them) grutch
with prayse my paines to pay:
I had the Armour of the corps
that I had tane away.
But what auayles it: now tis drownde,
I haue nor ship yleft,
Nor Mates alyue: the swallowing Goulfe
hath euery whit bereft.
Thy onely loue that part hath tane
with me of all my paine,
As onely fellow of my fates
doth aye with me remaine.
Not rauening Scyllas wawghing whelpes
could force him to depart,
Ne yet Charybdis churlish Cha-
nell, pluck him from my hart.
Not fierce Antiphates, nor yet
Parthenope the trull,
With sweete deceitfull Syrens songes
from me this loue could pull.
Not Circe nor Calypso though
by Magick Arte they wrought:
And th'one to bring me to hir bent
by meane of marrige thought.
I had them both by promise bounde
that they woulde take away
My mortall twist; and teache me to
king Plutos Court the way

But

But I not forcing of their giftes
did loue my wedlock best:
Although perhaps in seeking thée
I shall be sore distrest.
But thou perchaunce such daintie dames
surueying in my write:
Impacientlie wilt reade the reast,
and be in cholar quite.
When I with Circe had to doe,
or fayre Calypso, thée
Will aye procure (a fearefull wench)
in doubtfull dumpes to bée.
In faith when I Antinous name,
and Polybus did reade,
With Medon: I amazed was,
and ouercome with dreade.
Amid so many lustie laddes
and Tollepots to be chaste:
Alas, what should I thinke herein:
I am full sore agaste.
Why, if thou shed thy teares so fast,
should any lèke thy face:
What: haue not yet those trickling teares
beate beautie out of place:
Beside, thou hast behight to wedde
when twist is all ysponne:
And all in feare thou dosse vntwist
as fast as thou begonne.

A good decette. But take good héde
least whilst with such a wile
Thou doe thy suters eyes deceiue,
thy selfe thou not beguile,
Ah (Polyphem) I rather wish
within thy den to haue
Béene murthred, and my wofull dayes
pfinisht with the graue:
Yet rather had I conquerde, and
of Thracian swoord béene slaine,
What time the wandring Barges did
in Ismaron remaine:
Or that I had the grédie iawes
replenisht with my blood,
Of hungry Yelhounde, when I went
downe to the Stygian flood,
Where I (thou wotste not of it) sawe
my mother, well at ease
That was when I departed from
thy coast, and toke the seas
She tolde me of the house his euils:
and thrise she fled me fro,
As I with reaching armes did catch
more newes of hir to know.
Sir Protesilaus I descride,
that forcing not a pin
The Prophetes wordes to sling the flame
to Troie did begin.

A happie and a blessed man,
for with him went his wife
With laughing browes: that for his sake
forsoke hir lothsome life
For Lachesis the Goddesse had
hir twist not throughly sponne:
It did hir good vnto hir spouse
before hir time to ronne:
I sawe (but oh with flowing teares
that gusht on eyther cheeke)
Duke Agamemnon lately slaine,
a thrise renowmed Greeke.
Ye neuer tooke that hurt at Troie,
vntoucht he went his way
Through spitefull Nauplius secret snares
that in Euboea lay
But what did that auaile the wight:
for when he surely thought
Returned to pay his due to Ioue
this beastly death he cought.
This was the guerdon Helen had
prouided for the man,
In steade of better present when
she with the straunger ran.
Ah, how could I reioyce to see
sir Hectors sister, and
His wife among thy other thralles
and Teucrian trulls to stand:

I coulde the aged Hecuba had
and vsed hir in bed,
That thy mistrustfull minde I mought
beguilde, and ielous hed
That would haue thought thy husband had
of no such pece bene sped.
She gaue the first abodement fell
that on my ships should light:
Whome there I saw not with hir parts
and wonted members dight.
Hir bitter plaintes and wofull cryes
a howling did pursew;
She was become a verie Curre
in euery part to vew.
Dame Thetis musing at the sight,
turmoylde the quiet flod:
And Æole gaue his blustring windes
in charge to blowe a god.
From that tyme Wiser I was driuen
to wander in the seas,
And follow euery flod and flaw,
to cruell things to please.
But if Tyresias be as true
in telling of good haps,
As earst he was in making show
of euill forepassed claps:
Now misaduentures are ypast
by lande and sowsing wane,

I hope

I hope I shall retire to Greece
some better luck to haue.
Now Pallas vndertaken hath
as following Fate to mée,
To safconduct me to the lodge
where I do long to bée.
I neuer saw hir from the time
of Troies latter wrack,
Till now the wronged Goddesse hath
from anger bene alack.
What so Oenides did, it lightes
vpon vs all aléke:
Upon the Gréekes from man to boye
reuengement she did séke.
Not thée (good Diomed) she sparde
whose armour knowen was:
She hath enforst thée Miser eke
through many broyles to passe.
Nor him that Telamon begat
vpon a captiue Lasse:
Nor him that with a thousand ships
to wreake his wrong did passe.
Plisthenides, thou were yblest,
what fortune so befell:
For aye thy wedlock went with thée,
whome thou didst loue so well.
And whether windes did bréed thy stay,
or surging seas annoide:

Thou didst by meane of mutuall loue
inchoching cares auoide,
Nor blustring blasts, nor troublous tide
from killing thée dismayde:
With clinching armes thou hir imbrasse,
and neuer wert afrayde.
Oh that I might not wander so,
(sweete wench) thou wouldst procure
The surge séeme calme, with thée I should
no deadly smart endure.
No sooner I had tidings that
Telemach was aliue
But that the newes forepassed griefes
from gladsome minde did driue.
Whose going againe by tolling flouds
in weake and rotten Barck
To Pylos and to Sparta, did
reduce my former carck.
That loue deserues no thanke in déede
wherein such perill is:
And when you let him go to Sea
you did not well ywis.
But all the broyle will be at last,
the Prophet saide I shoulde
At length imbrace thy friendly corse
as I had done of olde.
Whome thou alone shalt know, but then
take héede, and well beware,

That

That other by your gesture learne
not why so glad you are.
I must not deale with force of hande
or as an open foe,
The Prophet sayde that to foretell
Apollo bidde him so.
I shall perhaps deuise the time,
to be awroken fit,
With bowe in hande to rushe me in
when they at tables sit.
And then perchaunce they marueil will
mée hatefull man to sée:
Oh God, when will that day come on
and pleasant houre bée,
Wherein I may renue againe
the swéete delights ypast:
And thou begin to repossesse
thy louing spouse at last:

The Argument of the Replie to the ſeconde Epiſtle,

entituled Demophoon to Phyllis.

HErein is treaſon and delay
Demophoon minded to deface,
That had ybene ſo long away
from ſpiendly Phyllis noble grace:
Sometime vpon his Countrie men
the lingring Louer layes the blame:
On perillous paſſage now and then,
and lacke of winde he caſt the ſame.
But laſt in ſpite of waue and winde
he made hir promeſſe to reuart:
And ſo he did, in hope to finde
the Queene as when he did depart.
But oh, impacient of hir panges,
that ſhe had for hir gueſt ſuſtainde,
In Almon tree good Phyllis hanges,
and this was all the Hoſteſſe gainde.

Demophoons Replie to *Phyllis Epistle*

Euen from his Countrie soyle
Demophoon wrytes to thée:
His Countrie (Phyllis) that he mindes
thy gratefull gift to bée.
Demophoon is not linckt
with any nouell Lasse:
But not so happie as with thée
acquainted well he was.
Duke Theseus, of whome
thou euer stoodste in awe,
(Which made perhaps thy flame the moze)
to be thy Fatherlaw:
(A shamefull thing foz mée
to suffer such a déede)
By cruell foe was reft his raine:
this was olde ages méede.
Euen he that whileome had
Amazons courage qualide,
A mate foz Hercules that so
in armour had prenailde,
Euen he that Mynos made
a father of foe,
Amazde to sée his monstrous Beast
by valiaunce conquerde so.

Demophoons replie

I am accuſde to bëene
the cauſe of his exile,
My brother layes it to my charge,
I muſt not pleade the while.
Whileſt thou (quod he) didſt fonde
on Phyllis, and didſt craue
By earneſt ſute vnto thy wife
a forein wench to haue:
The ſlipper time did paſſe
with haſtie foote away,
Thy loytering was the cauſe that thou
doeſt ſée this dolefull day.
Thou moughtſt perhaps at firſt
this wicked ſtirre haue ſtayde:
At leaſt, though matters had bene paſt,
thou moughtſt haue bene an ayde.
But Rhodopeian Reigne
I better did eſtéeme:
And of a Nimph whom better than
hir Scepter I did déeme.
Then Athamas gins to chafe,
and thundring words beſtowes:
And Æthra harpes vpon the ſame,
a crooked péece God knowes.
She layth my lingring was
th'occaſion that hir ſonne
Coulde not ſhut vp hir mothers eyes
as duetie was to donne.

I can

I can not it denie
they both exclaimde a good,
And cryde on mee when that my ship
rode on the Thracian flood.
Demophoon (quoth they)
why staylste thou lingring so?
The winde doth serue: home to thy Gods,
and native Countrie go.
Let Phyllis myrror be
whome thou doste loue so well:
She fancies thée, but loth she is
for thée hir Realme to sell.
She craues thee to retire,
thy iourney Mate to bée
She scorns: more than thy Raigne she waies
hir barbarous soyle we sée.
But I in silence would
amid their brawles (I minde)
A thousande thankes bestowe at once
vpon the blustring winde.
And when I should depart,
imbracing Phyllis harde,
I ioyde with all my hart to sée
how dashing waters warde.
Ne would I feare the same
before my Sire to vaunt:
For by thy merites I attainde
my libertie I graunt.

Than

Thou muſt of force confeſſe
that with no ſtéely heart
I went my way, nor in poſt haſte
thy Countrie did depart.
I ſobde, and wéeping, thée
to ſolace made a ſtay,
When to forgo thy friendly ſhore
was come the fixed day.
I clambe the Thracian Barke,
and toke my ſhippe in déede:
When Phyllis bid it ſhould not o-
uer haſtily procéede.
Forgiue ſince I confeſſe,
your ſelfe remember well
King Mynos daughter in your breſt,
that auncient loue doth dwell.
As often as my Sire
to Skiewarde lokes: he ſayes,
She whilome was my louing wench
that hath thoſe gliſtring rayes.
God Bacchus bidde him leaue
and yéelde him vp the Mayde:
But he (goodman) ſubſtaines the blame,
they ſay he hir betrayde.
By his example I
a periurde man am thought:
Ne dooſte thou (cruell Phyllis) aſke
the cauſe mine abſence wrought.

Methinkst thou it ynough,
or able to requight
My former fault, that I am not
in loue with any wight.
Why (Phyllis) hast thou not
heard of the cruell fate
Of Theseus Pallace: of his house:
and lamentable state:
Hast thou not tydings that
my fathers death I wayle:
A farther griefe than fathers fall
Demophoon doth assayle
Not of Hippolyts happe:
he miserable man
Fell headlong from the fearefull stedes
that downe the Mountaine ran.
I séeke not to excuse
my lingring though there bée
A thousand cares that heape my brest
I aske a space of thée.
Let mée or ere I come
lay Theseus in his graue:
And sée that hée who was my Syre
his buryall rites may haue.
Giue space and leaue I praye,
not like a Traytour I
Absent me: than thy foyle I knowe:
not safer where to lie.

Since Troie went to wrack,
and battayles broyle did stay,
What ease so ere I felt at Sea
or otherwhere: I say
I had it all in Thrace,
(yet there I found some grieke)
That onely soyle vnto my woes
was succor and relieke.
And is, if thou be one,
and be not mounde a whight,
That now I haue so stadely house
so Castellike in sight:
Nor that my Fathers happes
or Mothers shamefull fate,
Or these my ill successes cause
thy fancie to rebate.
What if I went to Troie
in marrige linckt with thée?
And thou thy husband waging warre
full ten yeares space shouldst sée?
Thou hearste Vlysses wife
what honour she hath got:
A myrrour she became, for that
she liude withouten blot.
Who (by report deuisde
a charitable wile
In spinning: wherewithall hir in-
stant Suters to beguile.

For

For whatsoeuer she
by day in sight had wrought:
At night the selfe same twisted twine
from thred to woll she brought.
But Phyllis you doe feare
your satres will be gone
That proferde wedlock earst in Thrace:
canste thou with any one,
Or hast thou heart to matche
thy selfe in bridely band:
What: will not feare of broken Hest
thy shamefull act withstand:
O Lorde how thou wilt blush,
O Lorde how thou wilt shame,
When thou shalt bew my sayles alofe
and know they be the same:
Thou then wilt blame thy rashe
complaint (but all to late)
And say: Demophoon was to me
a true and faithfull Mate.
Demophoon is retirde
that Southren blast abidde,
And cruell tempest, whilste vpon
the sowsing seas he slidde.
Ah, why in such post haste
did I this blame deuise:
I broken haue my plighted Hest,
which makes my heart agrise.

But (oh) go forward so
more rather than to mée
(Sweéte Phyllis) greater greefe and care
should chaunce againe by thée.
What Gibbet (oh) is that
that thou dost manace so
Unto thy selfe, and froward fate
towarke thy waylfull woe:
The Gods that in this soyle doe dwell
are ouerbolde I trow.
I pray thée spare, and cause
no more defame to spring
From out our race: whose traitrous crime
tw lowde a Bell doth ring.
Ariadne may excuse
my Father since hir lotte
Was party cause she was forlorne,
who me may iustly blotte:
Now selfe same windes my words
that did my sayles conuay:
I would returne with all my heart
but haue good cause to stay.

¶ The Argument of the *replie to the fift Epistle* entituled *Paris* to *Oenone*.

THe lines that Oenon sent
When Paris had pervsde,
And saw thereby she ment
That she was quite refusde.
Of him that had conuaide from Greece.
Faire Helena that passing peece.

He wrote in this effect,
And flat at first gan tell,
That when he did reiect
The Nymph, he did not well:
But therewithall he layde the blame
On Cupid that procurde the same.

He makes hir open showe,
How stately was the stroke,
Of blinded Cupids bow,
And how he brought to yoke
Both man and God, and did not let
To say that Destnies so had set.

Paris Replie to Oenons *Epistle.*

SO lawfull is thy plaint
(O Nymph) as I confesse,
My hand doth hunt for currant termes
my meaning to expresse.
It hunts and can not finde,
I feele my guilt so great:
I would recant, but (oh) the same
my nouell loue doth let.
My conscience me condemnes
if thou not angrie be
Therewith: but what? in cause I knowe
thou mayst not match with me.
For me whoms thou dost blame,
Cupido to his raigne
Hath forst to yelde: anothers pray
euen so I now remaine.
Thou were my wedlock first,
I graunt it true to be
That I in greenish yeares my loue
and faith behight to thee.
Ne was I then so prowde
as in your Letters you
Obiected me; ne I my selfe
king Priams norrie knew.

Deiphobus

Deiphobus not I
nor Hector thought to be
My brothers when I fedde my flock
in Ida Mount with thée.
Not Hecuba I knewe
but by a mothers name:
And thou didst well deserue to had
hir aye to béene thy ame.
But Loue from Reason swarues,
thy selfe shalt iudge the case:
For thou art wronged, and hauing wrong
dost loue me naythelasse.
And whereas Panes thée,
and Satyrs did desire:
Thou shonste their loue, and ay in minde
dost kéepe thy former fire.
Beside, this latter loue
was furthred by the fate:
My sister eke Cassandra sawe
of future things the state:
Not I as then had heard
the brute of Helens name:
Ne to mine eares by hir report
the Gréekish tumult came.
You sée that all is true,
my guilt doth sole remaine:
And to request your pardon I
in humble wise am faine.

Within thy powze doth reaſt
the domme of life and death:
Now binde me thine forzeuermoze
by ſauing of my bzeath.
Thou weptſt (I minde it well)
and yet thou ſangſt withall:
And ſaid, God ſhilde that no ſuch euill
at any time befall.
No though his dædes deſerue
and euery thing beſide:
Yet Oenon I to wozke his bane
will neuer be diſcride.
Oh pardon: ſelfeſame loue
that forgde this frawde to thée,
Made me to thinke herein not halfe
ſo many feares to bée.
That God doth ſtrike the ſtroke:
ſometime into a Bull
Ye Ioue conuerts, into a Foule
ſometime to coy his trull.
Not Helen now in earth
ſo paſſing gwdly Dame
Had béene, (a wench by nature made
to ſet my bzeaſt in flame)
Had not the mightie Ioue
become a Swanne in ſight:
That earſt a golden ſhattering ſhowze
on Danaes lappe did light.

A fayned Fowle sometime
in Ida Mount did soze:
Sometime amids Agenors neate
in fozme of Bull did roze.
Alcydes who woulde thinke
the valiaunt man to haue
Ysat at distaffe? Loue did make
him twisten like a slaue.
Againe the man was seene
in Ioles garment clad:
And she the hairie Lions case
vpon hir shoulders had.
And Oenon thou (I minde)
I touche my selfe to nie)
The God Apollo scozndske, and didst
to Paris minde aplie.
Not foz I him excelde,
but Cupid willde it tho
That in such sozt his subtill shafts
in Oenons brest should go.
But comfozt thou thy wzong,
in that thy riuall shee
A passing wench, and daughter brane
to Ioue is knowne to bee.
But that she came of Ioue
it mooues me not a mite:
But (oh) hir face is passing faire,
tis it that wozkes the spite.

And (O) I wish that I
a skilleſſe Iudge had bin,
When to contende for beauties pride
the Ladies did begin.
For then not Iunos yre
nor Pallas wrathfull breſt
Should hurt me oft for liking of
the Lady Venus beſt.
She Cupids flames deuides,
and frankly fire on thoſe
(By euen and odde, by quick and ſlow)
on whome ſhe liſt beſtowes.
Yet neyther ſhe hir ſelfe
thoſe weapons coulde auoyde:
The Bow ſhe bare for other, hath
hir proper breſt annoyde.
For halting Vulcan grutcht
when he by fortune founde
The warlike God and hir in bedde,
and cauſed to reſounde
His wofull plaint before the Gods,
and Ioue that ſawe them bounde,
And mightie Mauors now
laments and lowreth as faſt:
For ſhe hath fled this ſoyle, and of
Anchiſes is imbraſt.
Nowe wholly ſhe delightes
Anchiſes eye to leake:

To him alone she closely clings,
and giue the reast the gleake.
What wonder was that she
should haue the powze to ayde
Those egall flames of loue, whose fire
powze Páris hath allayde?
Whome Menelaus wzongde
doth loue, I fancide well
Not wzongde at all; beside she matcht
with one wzongde neare a dell.
And I perceyue it plaine
that foz this rape their arre
Reuenger Grékes with wzeakfull ships
to bidde the Troians warre.
The goodnesse of the cause
(I nothing doubt) will bée
Allowde: to fozce Dukes to fight
hir features are we sée.
If mée you not beleue,
beholde the chiefetaine Grékes
In Armour: I must holde hir fast
whome they so sozly sékes.
But if you stande in hope
by fozce to wzest my will,
Why sease your heatbes and Pagike Muse:
where is thy wonted skill?
Foz in Apollos Arte
thou canst as much as she

That

That is the best the truest dreames
of Hecate thou dosse see.
I well remember thou
hast set the Mone aback:
And stayde the starres, and dimde the day
with duske and clowdie black.
I fed the frowning Bulles,
and marueilde much to see
Amid the Yetrde by Oenones charmes
the Lions tame to bee.
Of Xanthus what should I,
or Simoys now report?
Or tell how both those streames were stayde
by thee in monstrous sort:
Thy Syre himselfe in feare
his daughter darde amisse,
Amid his waters all bewitchte
would often stay ywisse.
Now (Oenone) here is place,
doe what thou canst by skill:
Or quench thy flames, or cleane put out
my brand that blazeth still.

FINIS.

¶ The Translator to the captious sort of Sycophantes.

THe Ploughman hopes in recompence of toyle,
And winters trauaile past, to reape the graine
That he (goodman) hath sowen on his soyle,
with great increase of crop and goodly gaine:
And reason good why so he should in deede,
For he thereon long carst bestowde his seede.

The fearefull Fisherman that castes his Nette
In hauen mouth, and layes his bayted hookes,
Doth trust at length by happie hap to get
Such store of fishe as may suffice the Cookes
And Caters eke, and bring him in the mucke
That ventred life in hope of happie lucke.

If Ploughman than and Fisher gape for gaines
And hope assuredly to haue the same,
To quite their troublous toyles and daily paines
Endurde ere they could bring their feates to frame:
why should not such as climbe the craggie Mount
where Muses swoune, of earned hyre account?

And looke for lawde at least at learned handes,
That knowe the cares of vndertaken worke,
And wote full well how hie Parnasus standes
with stately steps, where Poets Lawrell lurkes:
A haughtie hill that euery wight must clime
Ere he attaine with Poets pen to rime.

For though the thing but slender be in sight
And vaine to vewe of curious carping skull.

In mother tongue a forraine speach to write:
yet he shall finde he hath a Crow to pull
That vndertakes with well agreeing File
Of English verse to rub the Romaine stile.

Ditailes of the language diuers are,
Well couched wordes, and feately forged phrase,
Eche string in tune, no ragged rime doth iarre,
With figures fraught their bookes in euery place:
So that it is a worke of prayse to cause
A Romaine borne to speake with Englishe lawes.

Which laude I leaue, and prayse to paynefull men
That haue with nightly sweate of busie browe
Set out their words of fame with forward pen
For this my Muse I would account prowe
To scape the spitefull Zoyles chiding chappes,
That (like a Curre) eche willing writer snappes.

So I might go vntoucht of Momus traine,
And neuer feele the force of enuious hate,
Sufficed me, well quited were my paine,
I might be thought a man of luckie fate.
But oh, it can not be, the best of all
(That Homer hight) to nipping nayles was thrall.

But let those Snakes, and beastly Vipers brode
(I meane the spitefull Spider, Momus mate)
When they haue done, recount their gotten good,
They gaine ywis but scorne and lothsome hate:
Wherefore depart the racke thou Curre (I say)
And let the lustie Courser champe the hay.

Thou thy selfe for lumpish ydle life
No leysure hast to take in hande the like,

But

to the captious reader.

But keepste thy Cowch: put vp that cankred knife
wherewith thou wonted art the good to strike:
Let other preese in place to purchase fame,
For vertues sake that worke to win a name.

Discerne their deedes when all their toyle is donne,
Say thou thy worst when they haue done their best:
Condemne them not or ere thou hast begonne
To vewe their workes, but ouerreade the rest:
That done, let eche sustaine his earned meete,
This were the way to purchase lone in deede.

FINIS.

argluyddd

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Ovid